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JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXV. No. 943. SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1924. TWOPENCE.

Mason's "O.K" the cold meat Sauce

THE LARGEST NET PAID SALES OF ANY 2d. WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

LYONS and their Waitresses

by

A. G. GARDINER

Drink ENO—and revel in your holiday

PLEASANT TO TASTE.

—

GENTLE IN ACTION.

—

A TRUE AID TO NATURE.

YOU know how the first few days of holiday away from home are apt to try you, making you wonder whether you have chosen the right place, whether you have taken your holiday too early or left it too late.

This year, depend on ENO's "Fruit Salt" to keep you in holiday fettle.

ENO helps your system to adjust itself quickly to change of air and diet, which tend to upset digestion, spoil appetite and cause headaches.

The delicious, natural taste of ENO, its cool, brisk effervescence, its absolute freedom from harsh and bitter mineral aperients make it equally welcome and beneficial to old and young—to the delicate and robust.

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

The World-Famed Effervescent Saline

HANDY SIZE *Pack a bottle in your bag.* 1/9 — 3/- HOUSEHOLD SIZE *for regular family use.*

RHEUMATISM

Made His Life MISERABLE
URACE CURED HIM.

236, LONDON RD., DOVER.

Dear Sirs,—I would like you to know what a lot of good Urace Tablets have done my son. He suffered terribly with Rheumatism in his feet, making his life miserable. He cried with pain when taking off or putting on his boots. I thought I would try Urace; the result seems impossible, for he never complains now.

Yours faithfully,
Mrs. E. BUSSELL.

RHEUMATISM CURED
WITH TWO BOXES OF URACE.

112, Bonaccord Street, Aberdeen

Dear Sir,—After being unable to dance for the last two months through rheumatism in my feet, I tried your "Urace" and it has worked wonders. I am as light on my feet as a fairy and dancing as good as ever, so every body tells me. I bought one 1/3 box in Aberdeen and one 5/- box in Cambridge, and all I can say is that URACE for the RHEUMATIC RACE is "IT."

W. H. SMART.

URACE, and URACE alone, can cure Rheumatism. It directly attacks the cause—uric acid—dissolves and expels it from the system and prevents its reappearance. That is why it CURES, and CURES QUICKLY.

1/3, 3/- & 5/- per box

From Boots (600 Branches), Timothy White Co., Taylor's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Harrods and all Chemists and Stores, or direct for remittance from the URACE Laboratories, Dept. 75, 82, St. Thomas's Street, London, S.E.1.

URACE TABLETS

THE ACKNOWLEDGED REMEDY FOR

Neuralgia, Cramp, Nerve Pains, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Kidney Troubles, Gout, Backache, Sciatica, etc.

Bald Men Grow Hair

Surprising reports are coming from men who were bald or losing hair and who acquired a new, vigorous growth by using a peculiar compound that awakens life in dormant hair roots.

"The front of my head was completely bald for nearly 20 years. Now I have an abundance of hair," is the report of Mr. T. J. Harding. "All bare parts are now covered with a nice growth of hair," writes Mr. E. Arnold. Imagine the enthusiasm of Mr. T. Hellier when he reported: "I have now a strong healthy growth of hair where I have been bald for 10 years." Mr. R. Stott reports even after only three weeks' use of Kotalko, bald patches of 12 years' standing were covered with hair.

Anyone who is losing hair, or is bald, may obtain a testing box of Kotalko by sending 3d. in stamps to John Hart Brittain Ltd., 2, Percy St. (53 E.K.), London, W. 1.

Psoriasis Eczema, Bad Legs, and all skin diseases completely and permanently cured by KUREM HOME TREAT MENT, famous over 20 years. Entirely herbal, inexpensive, yet cures when doctors and hospitals fail. Send post-card for free book, which tells you how to begin your own certain cure at home. J. Robinson & Sons, 11, Kurem Hse., Bradford.

Reader meets Tragic Death

Burned to Death whilst dusting Fire Grate

JOHN BULL pays another £250

"DUSTING the Fire Grate." In those four words is contained a terrible tragedy that has overtaken Mrs. Alice Jolley, 213, Derbyshire Hill Road, Parr, St. Helens.

Mrs. Jolley paused for a moment in her occupation to pacify the baby who was crying, and in the act of turning round, her clothing brushed the fire and burst into flames. The burns she received unfortunately proved fatal.

Since Mr. Jolley had taken the precaution to sign the forms, "John Bull" has forwarded him a cheque for £250.

Fire—Floods—Sickness—Accidents. Calamities such as these come when least expected. Fill up the forms now before you regret not having done so.

A few of the BENEFITS PAID this week:

Fire
Up to £400.

BRIXTON, S.W.—Mr. H. BARBER, 24, Clarks Row, Robsart Street.
SOUTHEND.—Mr. C. KINGSLEY, 18, Wisby Road.
ST. HELENS, LANCS.—Mr. T. TOPPING, 52, Island Brow.
HULL.—Mrs. E. TURNER, 83, Spenceleys Buildings, Goodwin Street.
LEITH, N.B.—Mrs. E. MCKENZIE, 5, Ballantyne Road.
ARGOED, MON.—Mr. J. HOOK, 24, Island Street.
CARBURY, Co. KILDARE.—Mr. C. ADAMS, Derrinturn.
IPSWICH.—Mr. F. STRANGE, Euston Villa, Stradbroke Road.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. C. RAVENHILL, 8/199, Park Road, Aston.
LUMPHINNANS, N.B.—Mr. J. FARRELL, 138, Main Street.
Nr. PETERSFIELD, HANTS.—Mrs. E. M. FRY, 6, Compton.
BRISTOL.—Mrs. L. GREGORY, 12, Regent Street, Bedminster.
TAUNTON, SOMERSET.—Mr. G. S. DANIELS, 6, Kingston Road.

Sickness Benefits
£5-5-0.

—for total disablement by illness consequent upon Diphtheria, Measles, Small-pox, Typhoid Fever, Cerebro-Spinal Fever (or "Spotted Fever"), Anthrax and Tetanus (or Lockjaw).

BOURNEMOUTH, HANTS.—A. B. SMITH, 22, Muscliffe Road, Winton.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. G. FRAMPTON, 4, Frederick Street, Levenshulme.
Nr. BRENTWOOD, ESSEX.—GEO. WOOD, Barrack Cottages, Hutton.
Nr. BALDOCK, HERTS.—Mr. R. W. WILKINS, Elm Walk, Ashwell.
NEWPORT, ESSEX.—Mrs. W. J. ABRAMS, Mill End, Clavering.
CHESTERFIELD, DERBYSHIRE.—A. BASKIN, 83, Canal Wharf.
SHEFFIELD.—A. EDWARDS, 9, Fifth Road, Tyler Street, Brightside.
BURWELL, CAMBS.—Mr. W. BROWN, 2, Newmarket Road.
ALTON, HANTS.—Mr. D. L. HOPKINS, 29, Market Street.
PADDOCK WOOD, KENT.—Mr. G. L. BRAKEFIELD, Fowl Hall.
RED HILL, SURREY.—Mrs. L. D. CORRINGE, 5, Frenches Road.

Storm
Up to £300.

TENBURY WELLS.—Mr. R. C. LEAR, 58, Teme Street.
Mrs. M. R. LEAR, 46, Teme Street.
SAXMUNDHAM.—H. J. WOMACK, Post Office, Kelsale.
Mr. H. A. PHILLIPS, Church Lane, Kelsale.
Mrs. E. WOODWARD, Church Lane, Kelsale.
Mrs. M. A. WHITING, Rose Cottage, Kelsale Street.
PARHAM, SUFFOLK.—Mr. G. FARROW, Brick Lane.
HADLEIGH, SUFFOLK.—Mrs. C. CLARKE, 95, George Street.
COLCHESTER.—Mr. R. W. REVENS, 154, Mile End Road.
OTLEY, Nr. IPSWICH.—Mr. E. J. COOK, Helmingham Road.
HITCHEN, HERTS.—Mr. J. BRIARS, The Red Lion Post, Shillington.
LYE, Nr. STOURBRIDGE.—Mrs. B. HILL, 46, Hayes Lane.

NEWSAGENTS' BONUS—Bonuses in respect of the above benefits have been paid to the Newsagents concerned.

12,750 Benefits now Paid—Sign now.

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PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2
I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name.....

Address.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date ..... J.B. 28/6/24.

Use ½d. stamp. Don't send envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent on receipt of ½d. stamped addressed envelope.

CUT HERE

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address.....

Date ..... J.B. 28/6/24.

2/6 Wembley Souvenirs FREE!

John Bull's Great Exhibition Offer.

The 2/6 FREE WEMBLEY SOUVENIR

Pocket clips 6d. or 1s.

FREE. A 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil beautifully designed in a variety of art shades with refills and clip complete, and emblazoned in gold with the Wembley insignia sent from our kiosk at Wembley. A handsome souvenir of the World's Greatest Exhibition. This offer is made to introduce the "John Bull" 5/- Lever, Self-filling "Empire" Pen, with 14-ct. solid gold nib and guaranteed for two years. As usually sold at 15/-. Send no money. First see this wonderful Wembley offering before parting with any money.

SEND NO MONEY

J.B. 28. 6. 24

JOHN BULL, Ltd., Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Send me the "John Bull" 5/- "Empire" Pen and FREE 2/6 Wembley Souvenir Pencil. If I do not name I will remit P.O. for 5/3 (includes postage) or return in new condition within three days.

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

If remittance is sent crossed P.O./ cheque "& Co.," and made payable to "John Bull." State if Mr., Mrs., or Miss.

Medicine for the Mind.

100 per cent. Brain Power Efficiency.

Handicapped by Neurasthenia.

THIS DISEASE OF CIVILISED MEN AND WOMEN IS A CHRONIC NERVOUS EXHAUSTION.

Neurasthenia is more prevalent than formerly; it arises from worry, business uncertainties, bereavement, mental strain and lack of faith in Providence; its victims include Cabinet Ministers, Government Officials, Members of Parliament, Municipal Workers, Social Reformers, Judges, Magistrates, Clergy, Doctors, Scientists, Writers, Brain Workers, and all whose nervous system is subject to tension. Sufferers are always in a "run down" condition, easily agitated and full of gloomy thoughts, quickly get the blues, and cannot concentrate their minds on their work; sleeplessness, headache, giddiness, palpitation of the heart, bad temper, pains in the head, weakness, loss of memory, general debility, and mental depression are other symptoms. Sufferers are advised to

Take this Brain and Nerve Tonic (Prescription 470)

IT REVITALISES AND NOURISHES THE WORN-OUT CELLS OF THE BODY AND BRAIN—MAKING YOU ALERT AND ACTIVE. IT IS NATURE'S CURE FOR NEURASTHENIA AND ACTS LIKE MAGIC.

Rp: *Phosphorus ... 1-100th gr. Damiana Extract 2 grs. Nux Vomica Ext. 1-8th gr. Lecithin ... ½ gr. In one tablet.*

Dose: 1 or 2 with meals, thrice daily.

"Health News," No. 9, Vol. 2 (Price 1d.) gives full details of treatment.

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.

PHOSPHORUS, constituent of the brain. Invigorates brain workers. NUX VOMICA increases Energy. DAMIANA, Cerebro-Spinal Tonic. LECITHIN, natural Glycerophosphate. Used in ailments arising from defective nutrition.

Price 1/- (12), 1/9 (25), 3/3 (50), 6/- (100), 17/- (300 tablets).

THIS CAN BE TAKEN ALTERNATELY WITH THE HEART TONIC. *See below.*

Here are other approved home remedies as dispensed at reasonable prices by

MR. WM. SHADFORTH, Ph.C., *Editor "Health News," Author of "The Wealth of Health;" Pharmaceutical Chemist, Highest Qualification, Pharmaceutical Society Great Britain.*

Backache,

Rheumatism, Sciatica, Gravel, Lumbago

and many ailments arising from chill on the kidneys are promptly relieved by the following prescription:—

Rp: *Potassium Nitrate, 15 grains. Juniper Oil, ½ dros. Colchicum, ½ grain. Venice Turpentine, ½ grain. Capsicum, ½ grain. Bearberry Extract, 1-8th grain. Methylene Blue, 1-5th grain. Copaiba Balsam, ½ dros. Buchu Extract, ½ grain. In 1 Tablet.*

(Prescription No. 49.)

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.

Prescribed by Doctors everywhere.

Trial Size 1/-

These ingredients are kidney stimulant or diuretic, antiseptic or germicidal, anti-uric and pain-killing (analgesic). The trace of Methylene Blue colours the urine green. Non-purgative.

Price 1/- (25), 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144).

Acidity Cured in One Week for One Shilling.

Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid Indigestion have been cured by the following prescription:—

Rp: *Bismuth Carb., 2-5ths grain. Oil of Peppermint, 1-16th dros. Soda Bicarb., 1 2-5ths grains. Oil of Aniseed, 1-16th dros. Magnesia Carb., 3 grains. In 1 Tablet.*

(Syn: Shadforth Prescription No. 1,077).

Trial Size 1/-

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.

Prescribed by physicians the world over.

BISMUTH soothes and heals the catarrhal surfaces of stomach and bowels. It is also absorbent. MAGNESIA is antacid. SODA BICARBONATE is antacid. ANISEED AND PEPPERMINT act as carminatives.

This prescription is a non-purgative. Avoid fried, oily foods and excess of starchy foods for a few days. Dose—2 tablets before each meal. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement; clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished; long sour face replaced by such broad, sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change. Send to Mr. Shadforth, the well-known London Dispensing Chemist, for a trial box, 1/- (50 tablets). Larger family sizes 2/6 (72), 2/6 (144), and 7/- (432). Post free.

Where the Indigestion and Acidity is Exceptionally Uncomfortable and Painful, ask for the Special Prescription for Painful Dyspepsia, No. 18. Price 1/- (36), 1/9 (72), 3/3 (144 tablets).

Influenza,

COLD IN THE HEAD, DEADLY ACUTE NASAL CATARRH.

Relieved in 2 minutes. Cured in 2 days.

The symptoms of Nasal Catarrh include a muco-purulent and offensive nasal discharge, incessant sneezing, sense of fullness of the nose, mouth breathing, nasal twang, frontal headache, defective taste and smell, watering of the eyes, dry throat, deafness, hawking, etc.

Trial Size 1/-

Nasal Catarrh is often the first stage of BRONCHITIS, INFLUENZA, COLD ON THE CHEST, PNEUMONIA, THROAT, EAR & LUNG TROUBLES.

Breathe through your nose, not through your mouth. Keep mouth and nose germ-free by the timely and regular use of this prescription, and dwell long in the land of the living.

Shadforth Prescription No. 89pTX. A new effervescent, germicidal tablet. Price 1/- (25). 1/9 (50). 2/9 (100). Can be advantageously used at the same time as Germ Killing Snuff No. 206, price 1/3, and No. 332. *(See below.)*

WRINKLES, CROWS-FEET AND GREY HAIRS. (Prescription 344.)

Gives remarkable results and improves health.

Potassium Hypophosphite, Phosphate, Bicarbonate and Citrate.

Price 1/-, 1/6, 2/6, & 7/-. With directions. In tablets.

SLEEPLESSNESS, NERVE EXCITABILITY. (Prescription 22.)

Better than Alcohol, Sulphonal, Veronal, or German Drugs. Does not form the drug habit.

Scullcap, Gentian, Valerian, Asafœtida, Lupuline.

Price 1/6 (25), 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100 pills).

SORE THROAT, HAWKING, LARYNGITIS, TONSILLITIS, &c. (Prescription 1,054.)

Potassium Chlorate, Borax, Formalin, Tannin, Cinnamon, Eucalyptus.

Excellent for Public Speakers and Singers.

Price 6d. (25), 9d. (36), 1/6 (72), 2/6 (144 tablets).

BOWEL AND STOMACH INDIGESTION. (Prescription 227.)

Pancreatine, Oxgall, Pepsin, Diastase, Capsicum, Gentian.

This is a carminative, appetising, non-purgative.

Price 1/- (25), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144 tablets).

OX-GALL SOAP. (Prescription 939).

Compound of Pure Soap and Purified Ox-gall.

Used for massage purposes in Obesity. Rub thoroughly into the parts, and afterwards wash out with warm water. Massage well. Price 1/3.

FAT-REDUCING MASSAGE CREAM. (Prescription 635).

Potassium Iodide, Water, Anhydrous Lanolin, Perfume, etc.

To be rubbed or massaged into the fatty parts frequently.

Price 2/6 and 4/6.

GASTRITIS, NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA. (Prescription 7942.)

Bismuth Carbonate, Sodium Bicarbonate, Rhubarb, Nux Vomica, Compound Cinnamon Powder.

Non-purgative, tonic, soothing. Known as the Wonderful Tablets.

Price 1/- (25), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144 tablets).

FORCED HARSH TONIC. (Prescription 458.)

Will help you over the stile.

Nux Vomica, Lecithin, Coca, Damiana.

In pills. Price 2/6 (25), 5/- (50), and 9/- (100). With directions.

NERVE AND FLESH-FORMING TONIC. (Prescription 552.)

Thinness, Nervousness, Anæmia.

Lime Phosphide, Calcium Hypophosphite, Lecithin, Soda Hypophosphite, Cascara, Potassium Hypophosphite.

Price 1/- (25), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144). 12/- (432 tablets).

TIRED, ACHING, AND PERSPIRING FEET. FOOT-BATH TABLETS. (Prescription 585.)

Boric Acid, Alum, Permanganate of Potash, Oatmeal, Wintergreen.

Price 7½d. (25), 1/- (50), 1/9 (100), 3/- (300).

BEVERLEY OLD SALTS. (Prescription 865K.)

The best Saline for Biliousness, Constipation, Disordered Stomach, Sluggish Liver, Bladder and Kidney Troubles, Gout, Rheumatism, Fevers, &c.

6d. per sample 20z. tin.

TOBACCO, ALCOHOL, AND DRUG ANTIDOTE. (Prescription 1,078.)

Quassia, Peppermint, Sugar.

You cannot enjoy either tobacco, alcohol, or drugs, with one of these tablets in your mouth. Easily stops craving for tobacco till nightfall.

Price 6d. (25), 1/6 (50), 2/6 (100 tablets).

BAD BLOOD TONIC FOR ACNE, PIMPLES, ECZEMA, SKIN ERUPTIONS, BLOOD IMPURITIES. (Prescription 1,269.)

A known, admitted, and approved remedy, registered in the Pharmaceutical Journal Formulary as Blood Purifier.

Price 1/- (25), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), and 12/- (432).

CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION. (Prescription 2,069.)

Will relieve bilious attacks, sick headache, and some forms of bowel indigestion. Useful in the house as a gentle laxative.

Barbados Aloes, Capsicine, Pure Olive Oil Soft Soap.

With directions. Price 1/- (72), 1/3 (100), or 2/- (300 pills).

BRONCHIAL COUGH, COLD ON THE CHEST, NASAL CATARRH. (Prescription 231.)

Paregoric, Elixir, Liquorice Extract, Pine Tar, Creosote.

Price 1/- (25), 2/6 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144 pills). Can be advantageously taken while using No. 89pTX. *See above.*

CONSUMPTION LUNG TONIC. (Prescription 226.)

Creosote, Cinnamon, Bone Marrow, Lecithin, Phosphorus and Iodine.

Useful in combating lung weakness.

Price 1/- (25), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144). 12/- (432 tablets).

Pamphlet free on request.

DON'T GROW GREY.

Use Shadforth's

TRANSPARENT HAIR RESTORER

for restoring grey or faded hair to its natural colour.

Price 2/6 with directions. Sent in plain wrapper.

(Prescription 906.)

SCIATICA, NEURALGIA, NEURITIS, ARTHRITIS, and INFLUENZA. (Prescription 383.)

Aspirin, Phenacetin, Dover's Powder.

Price 1/3 (25), 2/- (50), 3/6 (100 tablets). With directions.

HARD OR SOFT CORNS, PAINFUL CORNS. (Prescription 201.)

Get rid of them with this.

Salicylic Acid, Resin Ointment, etc.

With directions. Price 7½d.

A WORLD-FAMED HEART AND NERVE TONIC—PREVENTS HEART FAILURE AFTER INFLUENZA. A VALUABLE BAD-WEATHER TONIC.

Heart Tonic (Prescription 632).

PREVENTS PALPITATION, TREMBLING LIMBS, STOPS YOU FALLING TO PIECES IN THE BAD WEATHER.

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.

NUX VOMICA. Increases Energy.

DIGITALIS. Steadies the action of the heart.

Nux Vomica Ex. 1-16th gr. Gentian Extract .. ½ gr. Digitalis .. .. .. ½ gr. Dandelion Extract ½ gr.

Price 1/- (25), 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144 pills).

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.

GENTIAN. Tones the Stomach.

DANDELION. Stimulates the kidneys.

May be taken alternately with the Brain Tonic No. 470. *(See above.)*

OBESITY, STOUTNESS, FLABBY LIMBS, CORPULENCY. (Prescription 575.)

(A successful treatment.)

Extract of Seaweed, Potassium Iodide, Thyroid Gland, etc.

Price 1/- (25), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144 pills). With directions.

GOUT, ARTHRITIS, RHEUMATIC GOUT, SWOLLEN TOES AND FINGERS. (Prescription 74.)

Colchicum, Blue Pill, Rhubarb Pill, Hyoscyamus, Methylene Blue.

Price 1/- (25), 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144 pills).

UNSIGHTLY SKIN, PSORIASIS, ECZEMA, ALOPECIA (Bald Patches), (Prescription 850).

Mercury Perchl., Creosote, Zinc Ointment.

To be applied night and morning. Price 1/9 and 6/-

WEAKNESS, NERVE STARVATION, RICKETS, THINNESS. (Prescription 585.)

Quinine Hypop., Calc. Hypop., Sod. Hypop., Haemoglobin, Oil of Aniseed.

With directions. Children may have half a tablet. Price 1/- (36), 1/6 (50), 2/6 (100 tablets).

COMPLEXION BLEMISHES, SALLOW SKIN, PIMPLES, ACNE AND SKIN ERUPTIONS. (Prescription 442.)

Charcoal, Dried Sulph., Iron, Calcium Sulphide, Nux Vomica, Gentian.

Price 1/- (36), 1/9 (72), 3/3 (144), 5/- (432 tablets).

EPILEPSY. (Prescription 3697.)

Falling Sickness.

Ammonium, Potassium and Sodium Bromides, Ammonium Carbonate, Potassium Iodide, Compound Tincture of Gentian.

Price 2/- (36), 3/6 (72), 6/- (144 tablets).

ANÆMIA, PALLOR, LANGUOR, BLOODLESSNESS. (Prescription 265.)

Useful for Anæmic brain-workers, either male or female.

Blaud Pill, Calc. Sulph., Aloin, Manganese Citrate, Nux Vomica Extract, Lecithin.

With directions. Price 1/- (36), 2/- (72), and 3/6 (144 pills).

SLUGGISH LIVER, URIC ACID, KIDNEY TROUBLES. (Prescription 282.)

Cubebs, Venice Turpentine, Colchicum, Gravel Nut, Podophyllin, Copaiba, etc.

Useful for Constipation, Rheumatism, Bladder and Kidney Troubles.

Price 1/- (25), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144 pills).

DYSPEPSIA, FLATULENCE. (Prescription 202.)

Contains Nature's Digestive Juices.

Pepsin, Malt Extract, Diastase, Charcoal, Cascara Extract.

Non-purgative, promotes digestion and full nourishment.

In tablets. Dose: 2 with meals. Price 1/- (25), 1/9 (50), 2/9 (100 tablets).

ARTERIO-SCLEROSIS.

Blood Pressure Breakdowns Unnecessary.

Specialist's known and approved prescription for brittle arteries.

Soda Sulphate, Soda Chloride, Soda Carbonate, Neutral Soda Phosphate, Soda Nitrite, Magnesia Phosphate, Calcium Glycerophosphate, in each tablet.

(Prescription 1,108.)

Price 1/- (36), 2/6 (100 tablets).

DROPSY. (Prescription 209.)

An old and well-tried formula when heart, liver and kidneys are all at fault.

Squill, Digitalis, Calomel, Opium.

Price 1/- (25), 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144). With directions.

HÆMORRHOIDS, CONSTIPATION, SLUGGISH LIVER, AND ATONIC DYSPEPSIA. (Prescription 294.)

Cascara, Nux Vomica, Hyoscyamus, and Gentian.

Price 1/- (25), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144 pills).

A good pile ointment to use with these pills is No. 1083. Price 2/-.

This COUPON June

entitles every purchaser of Shadforth Prescriptions of the value of 3/6 and upwards to a

Presentation Copy of the Shadforth "BOOK OF PRESCRIPTIONS."

New edition just published at 1/-. Cloth bound, 112 pages

A valuable work of reference. 1,200 Household Prescriptions.

A NECESSITY IN EVERY HOME

You can have these medicines post free at the prices named (abroad extra) from

Mr. Wm. SHADFORTH,

PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST. (Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.)

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Special Depots—London—Messrs. Gamage, Holborn, E.C. 4; Messrs. Lewis & Burrows (all Branches); also 207, Southampton Street, S.E. 5; 50, Spring Lane, S.E. 25; 168, High Street, Walthamstow, E.17; 204, Church Road, N.W. 10. Special Provincial Depots—Birmingham—66, High Street, Aston; Bradford—140, Listerhills Road; Grimsby—24, Freeman Street; Liverpool—31, Oldhall Street; Manchester—223, Ashton Old Road; Newcastle-on-Tyne—14, Cloth Market; 9, Pink Lane; Northampton—8, Sheep Street; Westcliff-on-Sea—151 & 152, Hamlet Court Rd.

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A Perfect Postal Section for Bargain Hunters.

MONTHLY PAYMENTS ACCEPTED.

GENT'S Suits made to measure, in the latest styles of cloth, perfectly tailored, at **59/6**

Pay 10/- down and the rest in easy monthly instalments.

Also Ladies' Costumes on same easy terms.

Before placing your order elsewhere write for Patterns and simple Self-measurement Form.

J. B. THORNE & CO.,
26, Langham Street, London, W.1

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Follows JU-JU, THE HIGHLAND MASCOT.

Don't merely hope for better luck—make it a certainty by wearing a fascinating Ju-Ju Charm. Everything you touch will turn out well. Hundreds of letters like these:—

"It has proved wonderful."
M. B., Hastings.

"I have won over £5 at Whist Drives."
F. S., Lockwood.

"My luck has changed."
G. F., Staffs.

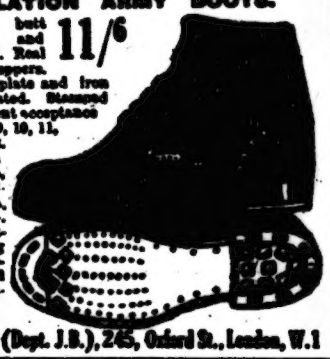
Never mind what sceptics say; wear a Ju-Ju and confound them with the amazing way you will prosper and profit in every field.

Sterling Silver, 5s. } Post
9ct. Gold, £1 } free.

JU-JU SOCIETY (Dept. J.B.), Imperial Buildings, Walsall Road, Erdington-on-Tyne.
Also from Gamage's, London.

BIG GOVT. DEAL—AND YOU SHARE IN

NEW GENUINE BRITISH GOVT. REGULATION ARMY BOOTS.



Double solid butt soles screwed and stitched to heel. Real Kip grained uppers. Heel and toe plate and iron studs as illustrated. Stamped with Government acceptance mark. Sizes, 9, 10, 11, 12 and 13. With or without toe cap. 11/6, postage 1/- per pair extra. Worth 25/-. Post remittance, stating size. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. **11/6**

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BIG BICYCLE BARGAINS

BEST VALUE EVER OFFERED.

Ask for 1924 List showing wide range of Models. B.S.A., ENFIELD, JAMES, HUMBER. From **65/** CASH or easy payments from 6/6 monthly. Splendid Specifications.

Carriage Paid any station England or Wales. Cycle 2/6 *Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Returned.*

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STYLISH COSTUME FOR 9/-

Balance by easy instalments of 11/- MONTHLY.

THIS fashionable costume of fine quality soft French Gabardine, richly embroidered on pockets, cuffs and collar. A low waisted silhouette is obtained with gn here at each side, and the coat fastens with a tie. Exceptional value at - 79/-

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ALL GOODS SENT ON RECEIPT OF FIRST PAYMENT.

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A £2:2:0 PRESS for 6/6

Of polished wood and with enamelled metal fittings. If with nickel-plated fittings, 2s. 3d. extra. Enclose 3d. extra for registration.

Compact; light weight; packs in suit case. Built to last years.

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Keep your trousers creased and pressed to make them last longer and to give them that "just-from-the-tailor" look.

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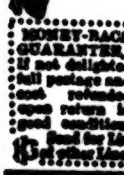

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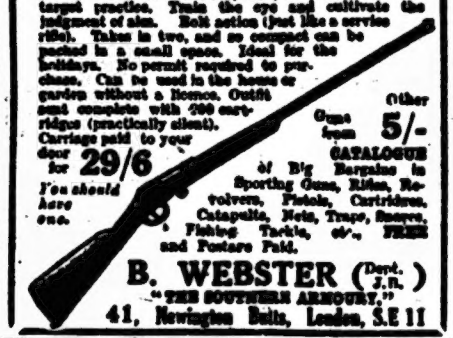

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You should have one.

Guns from **5/-** Other

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DIRECT FROM FACTORY.

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Don't delay—write TO-DAY

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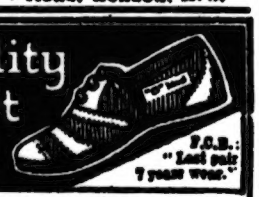
Reliability Comfort & Price



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Prices (post free U.K.) extra abr.oad.	Ladies'	Gent's
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When children are fretful and nervous it is a sign that they need tonic assistance. Dr. Cassell's Tablets will make your child plump, bonny, and healthy.

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Bring the teeth to my address and cash will be paid to you over the counter or fill in coupon, and I will send you

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W.51.

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BOOTS FOR WORKERS.—Workers on the look-out for strong, good-looking, reliable, all-leather boots and shoes, should lose no time in securing their supplies from Nash & Co., Oxford Street, London, which they are offering at less than a third of cost price. Every article is guaranteed to be new, unissued British Govt. stock, and satisfaction is guaranteed or money refunded. Readers should act quickly, as when stocks are disposed of they cannot be replaced. (Advertisement on page 4.)

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"MASCOT" A MAN'S SHOE! Before purchasing elsewhere send for illustrated style Booklet of these smart, comfortable, reliable shoes, and name of nearest Agent, to Norvic Shoe Co., Norwich. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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NAIL BITING (Children, Adults) CURED AT LAST! New remedy. No aloes. Full treatment (plain cover), 5/-, post free.—The Filtex Treatment, 61B, Tollington Park, London, N.4.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

SIXTY-FOUR-PAGE BOOK about Herbs and how to use them, 2d. Send for one.—Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

YOU can be philosophical about torn clothes when "Mend-a-Tear" is in the house, for it abolishes stitches for mending. It's ever so simple, ever so quick. Send 1½d. stamp for free sample.—Leicester Rubber Co., Ltd., 23, Granby Mills, Leicester.

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and protect your skin from Sunburn, Chafing, Roughness, and Gnat Bite
"SAMBULINE"
CREAM & HONEY JELLY
LARGE TUBE
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Sambuline is soothing and refreshing, and keeps the skin like velvet. Is neither greasy nor sticky. In handy sized 1/6 tube, from your chemist, or send 1/6 to Dept. J.B.B. 48, Euston Rd., London, N.W.1. Manufactured by Osborne, Bauer & Cheeseman.

STUBBLE TROUBLE

He is gay and ready for anything when he springs out of bed in the morning.

He goes humming to the bathroom. Splashing encourages crescendo. One gathers that "Drake is going west, lad." Diminuendo to a whistle as the razor is stropped....

Then comes an ominous silence. And presently the door opens to deliver up a changed man, heavy of brow, spiteful of eye, with a touch of blood....

Breakfast is lightning-and-thundery.

Wives think this Bluebeard's Bathroom one of civilisation's tragedies.

After he's gone, they go into the bathroom to see what caused it all. What can it have been? Razor? (re-set only yesterday). Water? (it was piping hot). Shaving Soap? AH!...

Dear lady, you've hit it.

Don't you think the soap-name associated for so long with luxury in the feminine toilet might also stand for something supremely good in a man's toilet?

Buy him a stick of Pears Shaving Soap and throw the old one away. *Then* the bathroom song will come down to breakfast.

PEARS

OPAQUE SHAVING STICK

Vol. XXXV. No. 943.
Week ending Saturday, June 28, 1924. Two pence

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

For the People—the Right to Justice & Truth.

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2
Telephone: Gerrard 9866;
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

Second Thoughts.

Of all countries in the world Britain is most completely at the mercy of transport strikers. Now that there is a temporary lull, let us tackle the problem squarely.

Elementary.

It is surely the first duty of a Government to maintain public services. To dub such elementary precautions "strike-breaking" is piffle.

Stand up to Them.

Next time there is a transport strike we look to the Government to put the public interests first—and maintain the services. If legislation is needed, let us have it.

Too Timid.

We imagine the Government already has ample powers. It merely lacks the courage. Let it announce *now* that there shall be no "next time."

A Different Matter.

For the policy of restricting immigration there is a lot to be said; but, once admitted, aliens have every right to the even-handed administration of our laws.

Un-British.

The proposal that legislation should discriminate between Britons and aliens was mischievous to a degree. It struck at the whole foundation of British justice.

Strange Apathy.

Why is not the Trade Facilities Act used to finance trade with Russia? Millions have been given for ventures in Poland, India and the Sudan.

The Hidden Hand.

It is a scandal that the banking magnates on the Advisory Committee should be allowed to prevent public credit being used for the public good.

The Russian Riddle.

The British banks refuse to advance a penny till the old Tsarist debts are recognised and securities given for repayment. Russia offers something, but not all.

Free the Wheels.

Far better to accept what compensation Russia offers and get trade started again. Otherwise not only the banks but the starving people will get nothing.

Wipe it Out.

Just as the pre-war German debt is bad, so is the Tsarist debt, and to attempt to suck blood from stones is always unprofitable.

Facts.

The banks might ponder on the fact that pre-war German bonds are worthless, and French holdings have been reduced by three-quarters as the franc fell. But that is no reason for denying trade.

Don't Give In!

The coal merchants have beaten Mr. Shinwell. They will not disclose their figures. But it only needs a one-clause Bill and the trick is done.

Why Not?

The mine-owners in Bristol, Somerset, Forest of Dean and Kent coal-fields refused to honour the national agreement to which they were parties. But we haven't noticed the *Daily Mail* calling it communism!

Deliberate Profiteering.

Why does not the Government step in and fix the price of bricks? All over the country building is held up by high prices and short supplies.

Tax Grabbers.

Remissions of the Entertainment Tax are not being passed on to the public. Unless this is done, the concession should be withdrawn.

Petty Theft.

It was not the intention of the Government to deprive the Revenue of millions in order to benefit kinema owners and the like. Unless the public gains, there is no case for remission.

Good—but not Enough.

A further £1,000,000 is to be spent on road improvements. It's all right, but why can no politician think of anything but roads in connection with unemployment?

Get a Move On.

We make no apology for again urging the construction of the Channel Tunnel. Once more the Government is to be asked to act. This time it must say "Yes."

Hiding its Virtues.

Why is the Post Office so shy in advertising its facilities? It provides numerous services of which the public know nothing—unless they buy a shilling guide.

Ginger it Up!

There should be an efficient publicity department, and the guide should be reissued at one penny.

The Dead Hand.

The impudent attempt of the House of Lords to wreck the Evictions Bill is a startling reminder of the power of this anomalous body. It has no place in a democratic system.

Who was Responsible?

To an audience of 600 children at the Admiralty Theatre, Wembley, was shown a representation of an aerial bombardment of London.

The German Model.

Preceding this was a film showing the necessity for being prepared for aerial attack. And this is civilisation—1924!

Good for Them.

We read that "the children particularly enjoyed the bombing of the Houses of Parliament." Poor politicians! Wise children!

Military Madness.

Few people to-day believe that piling up armaments is any security against war. Yet quite openly the new armaments' race has begun.

Pathetic Indifference.

There is not a single responsible Government with the courage to take active steps against these renewed preparations for international suicide.

Give Them Orders.

At the next election the people should insist on this question being made an issue. Whatever Government returns should have instructions to take the initiative in the matter.

The Week's Best Joke.

The Enrolment Form of the British Fascisti requires you to state the nationality of your father and grandfather. We wonder if the significance of their initials has ever occurred to them?

The Slippery Slope.

From castor-oil to murder has proved a short step for the Fascisti. And the consequences may yet recoil with crushing force on Mussolini.

Liberty will Win.

In the long run Europe will have none of these attempts to stifle democracy—whether engineered by Fascist or Communist. We recommend all firebrands to read the writing on the wall.

We Know!

Britain has asked the League of Nations how she stands with regard to Mesopotamia. It is a question that might suitably have been addressed to the British taxpayer.

And an Amnesty.

Up to February of this year 100,000 people have been deported from occupied Germany. Their return would be an excellent gesture for M. Herriot to make on his accession to power.

An Object-lesson.

Czecho-Slovakia imports fifteen times as many goods from Germany as she does from Britain—and much of the German imports are British goods.

Painfully True.

The explanation is that German trade methods being superior, they get the business. Time British firms woke up to the advantages that are being scooped by more enterprising neighbours.

Revolting Cruelties.

In spite of repeated protests the export of worn-out horses to the Continent continues, and there is an easy way to stop it.

Up to Parliament.

Put a stiff export tax on, and make this devil's business unprofitable. Until this is done the disgrace is largely Britain's.

Reader Meets Tragic Death

JOHN BULL pays another £250.

See page 2

The Woman Pays.

The public has been deeply moved by the tragedy of Miss Stringer, the girl singer who killed herself after an unhappy love affair. To the married man who was couriing her, Sidney Kibby, of Weston Road, Southall, the Coroner said he was morally responsible. When will the law be strengthened to punish people like the contemptible Kibby?

Proof of the "Pudding."

Being as stout in heart as in body, neighbours call Harry Nixon, a Waddington boy of five, "Pudding." When a mite of three fell into the water, "Pudding" promptly pulled her out. His father has saved fourteen lives, so the boy has started early in order to catch up with dad. No, there's nothing wrong with our post-war babies!

The Wails of Wales.

Cottages in rural Wales are unfit for human beings to live in, according to Dr. Llewellyn Williams, of the Ministry of Health, Cardiff, yet families are obliged to use them as shelters, no others being available. Instead of a race of healthy Welshmen, one of chronic invalids is being raised, and rheumatism, heart disease, and tuberculosis are too prevalent. The callousness of the authorities is beyond understanding.

Wrong Way to Economise.

In order to save a beggarly £125 a year, the Bedfordshire education authorities closed the inadequate village school at Egginton to all children over eleven. These youngsters are expected to tramp to schools in other villages, some of them as far as three miles away, in all sorts of weather. It is a remarkable fact that whenever there is any miserable cheeseparing afoot, it is usually at the expense of children or old people.

Packed Like Sardines.

When application was made to the magistrates by West Hartlepool Corporation for an order to abate an overcrowding nuisance, it transpired that five different families were living in a seven-roomed house, comprising seventeen adults and nine children. The legal tenant who, it seems, did not live on the premises, paid 8s. a week rent, but charged the sub-tenants a total of 37s. a week, making a total profit of over £74 a year. No wonder the magistrate said he could not permit it to go on!

Feeding the Children.

Major Sanders, director of the hostel where children stay when they come to see the Wembley Exhibition, has made a detailed reply to charges made by Rhondda Education Committee that putrid food and stinking lemonade was fed to 600 children. As Major Sanders has published the menu, and the hostel has a resident and a visiting medical officer, and Press representatives found nothing wrong, we want to know more of the evidence that caused Rhondda to bring such a serious charge.

On a Woman's Earnings.

The vilest offence with which a man can be charged is that of living on the shame of a woman. Alexander M'Kinney has been convicted once, but his punishment of prison didn't bother him a bit. At Glasgow, where he repeated the vile offence, he was brought before Sheriff Fyfe. Twenty strokes with the cat and twelve months in jail to get over them is his lot, and we urge the brawny warder to lay on with a will and make this unworthy Scot feel the vileness of his ways.

The Lads of Liverpool.

Our recent remarks on the refusal of the Liverpool Parks Committee to allow boys over fourteen to play games in Stanley Park have brought us numerous letters approving our attitude in the matter. We find that the same restriction is in force at Prince's Park and Sefton Park, and that in those districts, too, while girls are healthily playing rounders in the recreation grounds, lads of a most impressionable age must lounge round street corners for want of other occupation. JOHN BULL's boys *must* have their rights.

Card Tricksters.

The way not to do it was illustrated on the Brighton railway the other day when a gang of cardsharpers caught red-handed were allowed to go scot-free on refunding their ill-gotten gains. These train-pests will never be put down by these kid-glove methods. Card-trickery is theft, and the place for thieves is in jail.

Rubbish—and a Reply.

At the recent Primitive Methodist Conference a great deal of twaddle was talked as to why people do not go to church. A correspondent supplies the common-sense answer: "I never go to church or chapel because if I do there is nothing worth listening to. All the talk is about 'mansions in the skies!' when what we want is the chance to live a decent life on earth." That will do.

Kinsey's Kindness.

William Kinsey, an ex-Army officer, of Cefuberrin Sarn, when before the Newton bench, had his pocket lightened to the extent of 70s. And he was lucky. Having tied up one of the forelegs of his poor horse, he thrashed it round a field, causing it wounds, weals and swellings. A man who beats a dumb and helpless animal in so brutal a fashion deserves to have his feelings hurt more seriously.

Proof Positive.

In Hull County Court, several doctors differed as to whether George Brown was still suffering from the effects of injuries received through being crushed between a lorry and a wall, but the collapse of the poor lad in the judge's arms effectively settled the question, and the application which his employers were making for the termination of the compensation agreement was promptly dismissed. But other unfortunates cannot always prove their cases in this way.

The Human Machine.

OUR MEMORY GAME.

By E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

HERE is one of the finest memory exercises ever invented.

Take two packs of ordinary playing cards and shuffle them. Spread them face downwards on the table.

Let us assume there are three players, A, B and C.

A turns up any two cards he pleases. If these are a "pair"—i.e. two kings, two twos, two fives (of any suit) A takes them and turns up two more cards.

If the two cards are not a "pair," A turns them face downwards again, taking care not to disturb their position, and B turns up two cards.

Suppose A turned up a king and a two. B turns up a knave and a two. If he can remember the position of A's two he turns it up. If he is correct he takes the pair. He may then turn up another card.

As soon as B breaks down and has turned his cards face downwards again, C turns up two cards and the game proceeds as before.

A player may go on collecting "pairs" to any number. His turn does not finish until he fails to turn up corresponding cards.

It will be seen that, before long, success at this game depends on the sheer ability to remember the positions and names of the cards that other players have turned up.

There is no other way of playing the game. If you cannot remember what cards have been turned up, and where they lie, you will not win.

Absolute concentration is necessary, too. Let your mind wander for a moment and you are lost.

If you think you have a bad memory, play this game a few times. You will probably revise your opinion.

Luring Girls Abroad.

We would like to know what steps the daily and weekly papers concerned take to satisfy themselves of the bona fides of the advertisements before accepting orders for the insertion of offers of employment for young girls abroad, particularly in Germany. The number of genuine advertisements of this class is so small that papers would be well advised to accept none.

A Fishy Business.

Poor people in many districts are reduced to the extremity of searching refuse bins for bits of food because they cannot afford the exorbitant prices demanded at retailers' stalls. Yet 1,330 kits, weighing 175 tons, of fresh and excellent fish landed at Hull by the trawler *Aspacia*, was sold to be converted into manure at the destructor. Whose business is it to attend to the interests of the needy and unfed?

More Methylated Maniacs.

Innocent two-ounce medicine bottles and a small army of women purchasers at innumerable chemists' shops were the means adopted to gather in supplies of methylated spirit intended for drinking orgies in a house in Sackville Street, Salford. The drinkers lost their self-control to such an extent that their disturbances brought in the police and caused them to be sent to prison for a month. This methylated menace must be stopped!

Barbarous Bumbleism.

Though this is supposed to be a more humane age than that in which "Oliver Twist" was written, the aged inmates of many workhouses are still routed out of their beds between five and six o'clock in the morning. Unless the idea is to make our workhouses as uncomfortable as possible, there is neither rhyme nor reason for getting the poor old folk up at such an hour. We look to the Government to stamp out this relic of Bumbleism.

Muddling the Fens.

Unless the drainage of the Fens is tackled promptly we shall be in danger of losing reclaimed land. The farmers on high ground object to the drainage rates and won't pay up, and those in the low lands say the burden on them is too heavy, so they won't pay up. The Ministry of Health is sitting on an unpublished report, and the Ouse Drainage Board has started to levy distress on the farmers. As mixed a muddle of procrastination as ever!

A Spreading Evil.

The Deputy Coroner for South Shields has recently uttered a timely warning to the effect that persons who, "out of kindness" or otherwise, perform operations on women with an unlawful purpose in view, are liable to be charged with wilful murder. It is a pity the police are not more vigilant in these matters. Thousands of lives are sacrificed annually to the villainy of the abortionist whose motive is seldom worthier than a sordid greed of gain.

Another Little Slave?

John Cecil Rhodes, a Barnardo boy, recently stole some clothes and ran away from Ochrgarreg Farm, Trégaron, where he was employed. He told the Police-Sergeant who found him wandering in a field, that he had been driven to decamp in this fashion because he was cruelly ill-treated by the farmer. The truth of his allegation, of course, remains to be proved, but we hope the Barnardo Institution will see that it is carefully investigated.

A West End Welsher.

Luckless, indeed, is the backer who bets with Thomas Bradshaw (W. Hildesheim), of Poland House, Oxford Street, London, W. A reader complains that he cannot get him to pay out over Sansovino's Derby. We have so often exposed this welsher that it surprises us that any man with eyes in his head should have dealings with him. Our readers might save themselves much disappointment if they dealt only with bookmakers whose announcements appear in the *Sporting Life*, which rigidly excludes advertisements of those who it has reason to believe are untrustworthy.

Men who Matter.

Beachy Head coastguards show by their repeated cliff rescues how silly were the politicians who cut down the personnel and restricted the efficiency of a body of men second to none in the service of the public. Their latest rescue was of a lad aged twenty, named Girdler, who climbed up 400 feet and then stuck there. Isn't it time that inexperienced climbers cultivated enough sense to keep away from climbs that are beyond them?

Father Time.

Months ago a concern called the Mutual Thrift Society of Southport went into liquidation. Its creditors are mostly members of the working classes and suffered heavily through the crash. But they can get no information as to the possibility of receiving something back of their money, and we think the Registrar of Friendly Societies should look specially into this matter. The circumstances leading to the collapse of the concern were highly suspicious.

Gush and Rush.

"We are Drilling in Arkansas NOW!" declares a broadsheet headline on the front page of the June issue of *Oil Lands News*. British Allied Estates, Ltd., of 113, Kingsway, London, W.C., the share-sucking syndicate who run this so-called "newspaper," are certainly boring deep for gold in this country, and we must again warn our readers not to be rushed into rash speculation by the stale gush from the great U.S.A. which M. E. Druker and A. E. Hagger broadcast in this country.

Too Easy Money.

Small investors would be well advised to take with a large lump of salt the optimistic offers of Page & Turner, "Investment Brokers," of Bank Chambers, High Holborn, London, W.C., who suggest that they can pay £5 a month dividends for each £15 invested. We know of no means whereby money can be multiplied at the rate of 400 per cent. per annum except by the most hazardous speculation, and it is significant that Page & Turner are very reticent as to the means by which such remarkable profits can be obtained.

Food for Thought.

If you should chance to take a meal in the refreshment rooms of the L. & N.E.R. (G.C. Section) at Marylebone Station, you may ruminate between the courses on the wages of the unseen workers who wash the dishes and clean the silver, in addition to performing multifarious other duties. It might surprise you to learn that the Controller apparently considers 30s. a week and food sufficient pay for a man working eleven hours a day! The conditions under which the girls there are employed seem to be every bit as bad. We wonder what the shareholders think of it.

Two Strings to his Bow.

Since we referred to the activities of S. Chambers, of 93, Brighton Road, London, N., in connection with a racing sheet called *Sporting Chance*, our attention has been directed to another of his schemes. He invites investment of sums from 10s. to £5 with which he proposes to work a betting system, the nature of which he refuses to divulge, promising interest of 25 per cent. a month. "Take advice, throw 10s. away now and watch it start growing!" he exclaims with a fine careless rapture. It looks to us like a case where the gipsy's warning applies.

The Die-hard Diddler.

W. R. Lloyd, the die-hard diddler whose activities in connection with the "Universal Trading Stores," 86, Cornwallis Road, London, N., we have so often exposed, still seems to remain undaunted. He is now carrying on business at the same address under the name of "Williams & Lloyd," but his method of congratulating schoolboys and others on their good fortune in having been awarded watches which they may obtain by purchasing a chain, remains unaltered. Parents should warn their children against this person, whose simple "competitions" are nothing but a snare.

We Don't Want Him.

We have enough faith-healing adventurers of our own without the much boomed medicine man of the Maoris, Thuo Ratan, and we hope that the authorities will step in to upset this attempt to exploit the British Empire Exhibition on behalf of this "Holy Man."

In the Early Hours.

If the police want a little job in Mayfair they can do nothing better than watch a flat in Shepherd Street and another in Hertford Street. Both places are run in an extremely disorderly fashion, and one of the frequenters is a particularly notorious person who is known to the authorities here and on the Continent.

Fees for Flats.

An announcement of three unfurnished rooms to let at 10s. a week is certain to attract, and we can well imagine the disappointment of applicants who receive a reply from J. Ashby Dennis, who runs a "House and Apartment Agency" at 19, Craven Street, W.C., asking for fees of £1 1s. in advance for rooms, £3 3s. for a self-contained flat, or 10s. 6d. down and £5 when suited for a house or cottage. Fees from all and fees first is evidently Dennis' motto.

Another Yellow Criminal.

While thousands of people endorse our protests against the Chinese dope traffickers, there are some officials who consider we are over-estimating the danger. This is pure nonsense. What better proof could we have than the story of Ah Wong, also known as Wong Sui, who was sent to jail last week and ordered for deportation? He has been referred to in these columns, and was a dope trafficker of the worst type. Like many of his yellow friends he will more than likely get back.

Problems of Life.

OUR PEDIGREE.

By the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

SIR OLIVER LODGE has recently said in an important pronouncement that we cannot understand ourselves or the universe in terms of matter alone.

Life, mind, personality, and character are found in association with matter, but are not created by it and may to some extent be independent of it.

Canon Green of Manchester writes: "While man on his animal side is a creature of the earth, the highest of the vertebrates and the last developed in time, on his spiritual side it cannot be so."

These declarations are not new except in emphasis, but they need to be insisted on till they are everywhere accepted.

Darwinism (misconstrued) has acted as a sort of blight in the world for the last sixty years.

It has led men to think of themselves as beasts who have risen above all other beasts by being more ruthless in the struggle to survive.

Can it be imagined that a good and gentle woman is merely the result of untold ages of strife and slaughter, or that your innocent baby boy of whom you are so proud is but the outcome of the horrible conflicts of hideous creatures in the steamy swamps of millions of years ago?

The supposition is incredible: there is no likeness between antecedent and consequent.

When our fathers were young they debated furiously the question whether mankind was descended from apes or angels; and we have all heard of Disraeli's famous exclamation: "Gentlemen, I am on the side of the angels."

Our physical origin does not explain us: it only shows how our fleshly garment was spun.

Our truest kinship is with the angels, not the brutes, and if we really believe it there is no height to which we may not rise.

In the Name of Our Prince.

Beware of Mr. Alick Spong, the enterprising gentleman who took money from people through a concern called the "Prince Hall Syndicate," for shares to be allotted in the "Prince Hall Residential Sports' Club, Ltd.," which was never registered at Somerset House. We recently exposed this ramp, and many people are looking for Spong in consequence. He is "not at home." This paragraph might save other people.

Dutch Lotteries.

Notwithstanding the known attitude of our present Government towards sweepstakes and similar communa gambles, the crowd of Copenhagen commissio agents still contrive to send circulars through the post to this country inviting participation in Dutch Colonial lotteries. We do not advise our readers to have anything to do with these, for many reasons, one of which is that although the lotteries themselves may be genuine, it is impossible to guarantee the honesty of the agents who handle the tickets.

Unauthorised Sweeps.

Many inquiries have reached us regarding a "Grand Derby Sweepstake" in aid of the Consumption Hospital, Margaret Street, London, W. We are informed that this was run by an individual, calling himself S. G. Ford, in face of the expressed disapproval of the hospital authorities, who tried in vain to get the police to intervene in order that the name of the charity might not be misused for the purpose of private gain. We should like to know why the police, so active in other directions, took no action in this matter.

Same Old Shylocks.

A reader who applied to John Arthur, Ltd. (Directors: Julius Cohen and Pauline Rose), of 101, Clayton Street, Newcastle, for a loan, was impressed when he was courteously informed by letter that they would be glad to accommodate him and would send a representative to complete the loan without delay. This individual spoke soft words and assured him that if he sent a sum for expenses he would receive the money by return of post. He sent the sum asked for, but all the return post brought him was a refusal to entertain the business. What a game it is!

Tears in the Tea-cups.

A couple of hundred poor people in Sheffield are mourning the departure from their midst of an individual named Bannister, who, trading as "The Norfolk Tea Company," gave a 2d. bonus stamp with every ¼ lb. of tea, and promised 8s. for every completed book of 48 stamps. When the books were approaching completion he went off without warning, and even neglected to pay the wages of a poor orphan boy who had worked for him. He will probably try the same tricks somewhere else. He came from Manchester, and is believed to have gone to Hull.

French Saving Certificates.

Enquiries are reaching us regarding the trustworthiness of M. B. Prunier, of 4, Rue Henri IV, Amiens, who offers French Government National Savings Certificates. The honesty of M. Prunier seems to us to be beside the point. People with money to spare would show more patriotism by investing in British Saving Certificates, but anyone who is attracted by the prospect of winning a prize in the monthly ballots held in connection with these French securities, can obtain them much more cheaply through a bank.

Slow Sparks.

In these days of heavy taxation it is a serious thing to have a motor-cycle laid up for any length of time. The Continental Ignition Repair Co., 13, Hardwick Road, Chiswick, London, W., no doubt had this in mind when they advertised that they would return magnetos sent to them for overhauling in two days. A reader who sent them one, however, could not get it back in two months, though he wrote repeatedly for it, and when we tried our persuasion they sent him another magneto altogether which proved to be a "dud," and that is all the satisfaction he has got for the 32s. 6d. he paid them. Too bad!

A Gigantic Baby Hunt

EVERY schoolboy learns from his copy-book that fools and their money are soon parted, but it is astonishing how quickly many people forget that elementary lesson.

Others remember it and profit by it, to the discomfiture of the more forgetful ones. As that wise old man Cato shrewdly observed, "To succeed in the world it is much more necessary to possess the penetration to discover who is a fool than to discover who is a clever man," and they are out to find the fools.

One of the latest of their lures is an invitation to join in a gigantic baby hunt!

People who answered an advertisement of spare-time employment received an extraordinary communication from Webb & Webb, of 23, Bond Street House, Clifford Street, London, W.

"We are at present putting on the market an advertising scheme which has met with great success in America. In order to make it equally successful over here, it is necessary for us to have a correspondent in every district in Great Britain."

After this impressive opening, the description of the work comes rather as an anti-climax.

"The work consists in obtaining the names and addresses of all births in your district."

One naturally wonders whether the registers at Somerset House could not be utilised to provide these names and addresses. They anticipate this, bless your innocent hearts, and say, "These, of course, we could obtain by other means, but we also want your remarks as to the standing of the parents, sex of the baby, and, if possible, the maiden name of the mother."

Having read thus far, and screwed up his courage to face the prospect of knocking at people's doors as soon as the doctor has departed with his little black bag, and asking if it is a boy, whether mother is doing well, and how poor old father's bank balance will stand the strain of an addition to the family, the seeker after spare-time employment strikes a nasty snag.

"As we will have practically no check on this information, we require a small investment of from £1 upwards as good faith, a dividend not exceeding 100 per cent. will be paid and correspondents receive 2d. for each name and address sent in; we, however, reserve the right not to accept more than 20 per month for each £1 invested by a correspondent."

This breathless paragraph can only mean that for an investment of £1 you may earn a maximum of 10d. a week by inviting yourself to be kicked off the doorstep.

If this scheme "has met with great success in America," it must be because the great U.S.A., having a larger population than Great Britain, there are more fools there.

Who will join the baby hunt? No JOHN BULL readers, we hope!

Clergy Driven to Suicide!

THE country has been startled by the revelations made in "John Bull" concerning the sweated labour of the clergy. Men who should be saving the souls of others are faced with the tragedy of taking their own lives!

OUR exposures of the shocking scandal of the sweating of unfortunate clergymen has not touched the hearts of the authorities, but it has touched the hearts of our readers, who have sent us letters of thanks and urgent appeals to go on with the crusade to save these victims.

We thank all these sympathisers, and in particular the reader who sent us a donation for the poor old clergyman of eighty-five who continues, though past his labour, to carry on with the cruel pittance of £2 10s. a week because the only alternative is the workhouse.

We are glad that we have torn aside the veil that hides the torture of these starved and sweated clerics, striving as they do to conceal their wounds and keep from the public, with honourable pride, the agonies they undergo.

Sometimes, to outward view, their position does not seem inevitably distressing. We have in mind the case of a rector in a country district where most of the land belongs to a peer of the realm.

The rector has a salary of £450 a year. At first sight that is not a starvation wage. But for this he has to act as rector and vicar of three parishes, and to keep in repair the rectory and vicarage, the church hall, and cottages—and to pay a curate.

Before the war it was barely possible to do this and live. To-day it is impossible. The rector has made inroads into his small capital, the money he carefully guarded to educate his only son.

He must rob his son to keep in repair buildings that belong to the Church, one of the richest churches in the world. He has asked to be relieved of the burden that became impossible since the war. He can get no helpful answer from his ecclesiastical superiors. Perhaps they are asleep.

He must rob his son. And when his little all is spent, he must seek admission to the union workhouse. It is a disgrace.

We have put our protests before an influential organisation connected with the Church. The only answer is that there is nothing new in the complaints—that the Church has been cognisant of the facts and trying to deal with them for years. It is as much as to say to the clergy, "Live horse—and you will get grass."

Can you call it living? Suicide is forbidden to the clergy, as to all of us. In Hamlet's phrase, "the Almighty has fixed his canon 'gainst self-slaughter."

Picture the frame of mind of the poor parson in Norfolk who blew his brains out, in a county where two of his colleagues had died of want. One of them had £100 a year: the other had £70 a year.

And the ecclesiastical authorities do little or nothing. But they hold bazaars and raise funds for the conversion of the naked negro toiling near the Equator, and to finance societies for presenting Bibles and blankets to Patagonians and other distant peoples. With what enthusiasm hungry clergymen must preach on such topics!

There is a rector in the Chelmsford district of Essex who is rewarded for his devotion to his sacred calling by an income of less than £2 a week, half the wage of a bricklayer or omnibus driver. His duty is to preach charity and patience and good works.

Sometimes he must be haunted, not only by the spectre of hunger, which haunts so many rectories and vicarages, but by the even more dreadful spectre of his predecessor who ended his life by jumping under a train.

The body of the Rev. Bernard Blake, Vicar of Irthington, Cumberland, was recently recovered from the River Irthing. The jury brought in a verdict of "Suicide while of unsound mind." Five writs were found on his dead body. Three writs from money-lenders had been served on him in one day.

The man was tortured to madness. He told nobody of his sufferings—not even his sisters. His pride would not allow him.

But the humiliation and agony broke his heart. He walked out of the vicarage and into the river.

Save the others! Save the unhappy men who are being driven to the point where nothing is left but a broken creature, afraid of life, standing trembling on the brink of suicide and its merciful oblivion.

There are vicarages where bread and margarine and potatoes—with meat only once a week—is the staple fare; vicarages where the mother of the house goes out to domestic service to educate the children; vicarages where the old clothes collected in the parish for the poor are even more badly wanted in the home.

The Church must face its responsibilities and do its duty. It is useless trying to silence us with suggestions that matters are under consideration. They have been so for years.

We shall not be silent. Before these sweated and suffering clergymen are driven to self-slaughter we will do our best to startle the sleeply, self-satisfied rulers of the Church from their slumber.

The terrible killing of clergymen must stop!

Where the Oil Lamp Flares

ONE of the features of London life is the familiar street market, a street lined with stalls on each side at which, in working-class districts, much of the shopping of the people is done.

It is a form of social life which survives from mediæval times, when the lusty-throated apprentices stood beside their barrows shouting to the passers by, "What d'ye lack, my masters, what d'ye lack?"

It is the kind of thing Shakespeare saw when he walked along Cheapside in the spacious days of the great Elizabeth. It is the kind of thing that visitors from Australia and Canada make special journeys to visit. To-day, apparently, the powers that be do not look kindly on these picturesque survivals.

There is a market of this kind in Queen's Road, Upton Park, London, E., which carries on the old traditions. It is not a licensed market, but is allowed to be carried on by the sanction of the Borough Council.

The rules which govern it are unwritten, like some of the vital conventions which govern the British Constitution itself. Amongst them is a rule that the stalls must be open at eight in the morning, and that if this rule is kept an old-standing stall-holder shall have priority over a newcomer. "Old places," as they say, "for old faces."

But recently the old plan has been rudely interfered with by the police. They have ordered old stall-holders to clear out and make way for others, without giving any adequate reason. In this way a man who has been for years one of the old familiar faces in the market has been dispossessed, and forced to earn his living in other and precarious ways. In another case a poor widow who sent her sons to the war has been dispossessed of her pitch by the police.

We do not see what right the police have to interfere with, or allocate, pitches. Their duty, it seems to us, is, and must continue to be, strictly limited to the preservation of order and the prevention of obstruction.

If the police can give any reason for dispossessing the old familar faces from their old familiar places, they ought to give it to the victims. Otherwise they are in the unfair position of interfering with trade, destroying the labour and good will of some to make a present of it to others.

Their function is "to keep the Ring," and, as Mr. Rudyard Kipling says:

"To make sure to each his own,
That he reap where he has sown."

Stall-holders, alarmed at the possibility of losing their pitches and their trade, are thinking of presenting a petition to the Home Office.

We ask Mr. Henderson, who understands something of the difficulties of life amongst the poor, to give it his favourable consideration, and to prevent these poor, hard-working people from being financially strangled by red-tape.

The Turf's Greatest Rogue

THE authorities must act on the information we give here concerning one of the greatest swindlers the Turf has known. Poor people all over the country have been robbed of their hard-earned money by this plausible rogue.

WHAT is the reason for the extraordinary tenderness of the Department of the Director of Public Prosecutions for the numerous rogues and impudent swindlers who make the Turf a by-word for their shameless rascality and profitable plunder?

Everybody knows that the bogus bookmaker can refuse to pay by the simple expedient of pleading the Gaming Act. Is there no way, then, of laying these gentry by the heels? We say there is. And we propose to give in this article a plain hint to the police as to how to do it.

The most notorious of these defaulting bookmakers is a man named George Clark, with an office at 289, Regent Street, London, W. 1. He is a cunning, insolent, audacious humbug, and crooked to the last degree. He bleeds his victims with relentless pertinacity.

He is the greatest swindler on the turf. At his games for years, he can count his victims by the thousand all over the country. He has had many addresses, and left them all owing money.

The police have received innumerable complaints. The files of the Turf Guardian Society bulge with protests from his victims. George Clark laughs and goes on looking for more.

A gentleman living in Carlow got one of his circulars, and, impressed by his fashionable address and Mayfair telephone number, sent him £6. It was a winning transaction. He should have drawn £80. He can't get his money. He can't even get a reply from the coy and reticent bookmaker.

Another man had a losing account with Clark and paid up regularly week by week. Then he had the good fortune to back the Derby winner for nearly £100. He can't get his money.

A poor widow in Yorkshire got one of his circulars. She has two children and an aged father to support. She thought she could make a few pounds by backing a winner. Clark expressed his willingness to open an account with her provided she sent him £5 as a proof that she was an honest and desirable person.

The foolish woman did so. And she had the luck to win £12. She has never got it. She has got an account from Mr. Clark showing that she had won this amount. Why he sent her this we do not know. Perhaps it was to pretend that he, too, was an honest and desirable person. In any case he stuck to the £12, and will not even answer her letters. She cannot even cancel the whole transaction and get back her £5.

A gentleman from Liverpool opened an account with Clark. For some weeks he lost, and on every losing date paid up. The fourth week showed a small profit of a few shillings. Clark wrote to say that he never paid amounts under a pound. Why drag in the pound? In any case the next week the Liverpool client won over a pound. He can't get it. Clark must enjoy writing letters of this kind.

It is not his only trick. Another client, after paying his losing weeks, had a winning week and actually got a cheque from Clark for £11 19s. He put it through his bank. It came back to him marked "Another signature required." The cheque was sent back to Clark for the further signature, and it has never turned up since.

If these people sued him for their money there is always available to him the defence of the Gaming Act. But we say that George Clark ought to be indicted for obtaining money by false pretences.

On his circulars and notepaper, for example, he says, "Can be seen personally in Tattersalls." Enquiries at Tattersall's Committee, Newmarket Subscription Rooms, as to this statement brings a reply that is illuminating. It is that Clark is not a member of Tattersalls or Newmarket Rooms, and would be excluded from entering the enclosures at any race meeting.

It is a false pretence for this man to say that he can be seen personally in Tattersalls, and it is on this false pretence that he is obtaining money from the public. How much longer is he to be permitted to carry on his swindlihg career?

What is everybody's business is apparently nobody's business. And so Clark goes on robbing the public with impunity. He is one of the worst swindling bookmakers in the records of the Turf Guardian Society.

He goes on enjoying life, smoking cigars, entertaining his friends in fashionable West End hotels—all on the proceeds of money lifted from people who are foolish enough to believe his impudent and false pretence that he is entitled to meet them personally at Tattersalls.

We think that in the interests of the Turf, and in the still wider interests of common decency and common honesty, the Department of the Public Prosecutor should take into serious consideration the revelations we make in this article and the suggestion we now put forward.

The resources of civilisation ought surely to be equal to coping with a humbugging sneak-thief like this hero of the West End.

Frozen Meat and Sweated Tars

THE days are gone when our merchant seamen can be sweated, overdriven and underfed, but we are sorry to say that there is still a tendency on the part of even some of our biggest shipowners to treat the seamen on their ships with less consideration than the prudent business man would show for his horses.

Some of the finest steamships in the world ply between Australia and this country bringing us wool and frozen meat. It often happens that they call at Indian ports where frozen meat for the European population has to be unloaded. Natives will not handle frozen meat, for religious reasons, and the crews are therefore called upon to do the discharging.

It is a scandal that British seamen, after working on deck at tasks like mooring ship, sometimes in a temperature of over 150 degrees in the sun, should be ordered straight down to the freezing chamber to work the frozen meat. What it means is that they go down in their flimsy sweat-soaked clothes, with perhaps an overcoat or a monkey jacket hastily thrust over them, in a temperature many degrees below zero.

They do not get any extra pay for this, which is very liable to produce pneumonia, and if they destroy their clothes it is at their own expense. We say that this is very shabby conduct for great Lines presided over by great magnates and paying fat dividends to their shareholders. Surely British seamen called on in difficult climatic conditions to do the work that natives refuse to do ought at least to be supplied with the fear-nought suits that are customarily provided throughout the frozen produce industry.

And while sweating the sailor, they are at the same time endangering the lives of their passengers. The Board of Trade insists upon a seaman having a certificate of efficiency as a lifeboat-man, showing that he has been trained in the launching of lifeboats and acquainted with the practical handling of them.

But it is useless to be trained in the use of a lifeboat if you haven't got a lifeboat when the crisis comes. Some of our best ships are grossly unprovided for in this respect. Our attention has been drawn to a case where lifeboat drill was performed in the presence of a surveyor of the Board of Trade. The lifeboats were certified to carry a certain number of people, and when the crews were placed in the boats they were packed like figs in a box.

The only practical handling that would be possible would be for the rowlocks to be shipped, but there would be no room to use the oars unless some of the passengers were first thrown overboard, a manœuvre that scarcely comes under seamanship and life saving. Neither would there be room to carry stores or even to pass them round.

This is a scandal that the merchant seamen feel very keenly.

The Chicken Started It!

STEALING chickens is a favourite topic with humorists, especially in America. Everybody knows the story of the nigger who made a noise in the fowl house. The householder came out with a gun and asked who was there. The negro replied in the softest and gentlest voice he could, "Nobody boss, except just us chickens."

But chicken stealing is a very much more serious matter when it ruins a man for life. Sometimes we get letters from Chinese immigrants into this country asking us why we are so down on the Orientals. We are not. But when they do not play the game we do not want them here. This story will illustrate that point.

A fifteen-year-old boy called Hackett, who had no father, lived in Liverpool near the Chinese district. A Chinaman came to him and suggested that he should steal a chicken for him. The foolish boy thought it would be rather an adventure and did so. He made no profit out of the transaction at all.

For this the fatherless boy, tried for a first offence, and only fifteen years of age, was sent to jail for six months. That is the way we give some of our first offenders a chance in life. This poor lad has never recovered from it.

When he came out he was sent to a home. He says he did not get enough to eat, and again he yielded to temptation and took some food from a cocoa room. He was sent to Borstal for three years. There he got entangled in the familiar machinery which sends some of the boys at the time of their release to a home for mental deficients. So far as we can see, he will be there for life.

In these mental homes there are, undoubtedly, some people who are unable to look after themselves. The others, like the boy Hackett, have to work, either in the tailor's shop or in the garden. The result is that he does not get much time to write home.

This poor "mental deficient" explains that in a letter. "I am very sorry to keep you so long for a letter. It is like this. There are several patients in the same ward who cannot read or write. They come to me every week asking me to write letters for them. I don't like refusing them, so I oblige them. I have three or sometimes four letters to write a week, so I have not much time to myself."

The mother wants to get her boy out. She is willing to look after him and safeguard him. At present it costs her £2 in fares to go and see him.

We ask the Home Office to have this fatherless boy sent to a home nearer his poor mother, and to have an examination into all the circumstances of his case which appears to us a tragic example of the way in which an iron system ruins boys whom it should be a duty to save.

Painful Extractions

NATURE, which gives us our teeth, ought to give us teeth good enough to last us the whole of the journey. Except in rare instances she does not do so. Happily art comes to the rescue of Nature, and the dentist, as a rule, repairs the deficiencies with great skill and happy effect.

But this is not always the case. There is a firm called Scott & McKenzie, Albion Terrace, Wisbech, which has introduced into the rather dull and sometimes even distressing business of dentistry a pleasant sporting interest.

Some time ago it advertised in the local newspapers to the effect that the first person whose letter was opened containing a coupon would be given a twelve-guinea set of false teeth free, and guaranteed fo fifteen years, and the writer of the second letter opened would be entitled to a half set free, and guaranteed for fifteen years and valued at six guineas.

A local man read this offer and sent in a letter. He was told, to his great surprise and pleasure, that he was one of the lucky persons, and was to be presented with a half set of teeth free, or a whole set if he paid six guineas.

A half set of teeth being of relatively little use to a man who needs a whole set, the six guineas was paid. Then there was another little matter of thirty shillings for the extraction. After some argument the client parted in all with £7 16s., and has got the teeth.

That would be all right if they fitted. But he complains that they do not. It is like looking a gift horse in the mouth. If you get half your teeth for nothing and they do not fit half as well as you would like them to do, the account apparently is squared.

There has been a good deal of correspondence about the matter, and it is rather surprising to find that the letters from this firm are neither typewritten nor on notepaper with a printed heading, and their grammar does not fit particularly well.

"The assistant as been bad with the flu" is one of the excuses for delay. In another letter the representative is described as having had the "flue," a further variant in spelling.

All over the country advertising dentists are getting money from poor people who are in distress. There is practically no remedy if unsatisfactory work is done for them, and there is nothing more cruel than for people in poor circumstances to have to pay big prices for teeth that do not fit, and therefore only make their position worse than ever.

The dental profession, on the whole, deserves well of the public, but we do think it ought to do something to meet the complaints of people who are left in the very unpleasant position of the client whose story we have told.

Noah's Arks for Heroes

SMALL-HOLDINGS for ex-Servicemen was the dream of many an ardent patriot. Some of our heroes have got their holdings and their homes, but they are little better than the flooded trenches of the war days.

TEN years ago young men joined the Army, thrilled by pictures of a charming rustic cottage in rural surroundings which was, it was assumed, to be the prize for which they were to fight. For 18,608 of them that dream has come true. That is to say, they have their rustic cottage and their rural surroundings. But in what circumstances?

Over a quarter of a million acres of land have been pegged out by the Ministry of Agriculture and rented to ex-Servicemen and others for small holdings. Mainly, these small-holdings are unsuitable, uncultivated, unequipped, with insanitary cottages on waterlogged land at a rental higher than any experienced farmer would consider for one moment.

The result is that more than a thousand of these men who invested their savings and their gratuities are ruined. The blame for this scandal rests on the Ministry and the County Councils who administer the Act. Gross incompetence has landed the country into a scandalous expenditure of £15,000,000.

The events at Barnham, in Sussex, are typical of this nation-wide disgrace. The West Sussex County Council pegged out, in 1921, sites for small holdings on land so obviously unsuitable that a public meeting was held in protest. No official notice being taken, another public meeting was held in November, when photographic slides depicting the terrible conditions of the holdings were screened by Mr. H. R. Marshall, an experienced agriculturist.

Events have justified these protests. A great deal of the land is waterlogged by normal rainfall; the cottages were condemned by the Council's own sanitary inspector. They are built on land of which the Council's own architect has admitted that he can only drain one holding out of twenty-one; the cottages are neither wind-proof nor watertight.

The lives of these small-holders are a misery. They are living hand to mouth or becoming bankrupt. So soon as they get their gardens into order the builders are sent to excavate for drain-laying. A few months ago the holders received a notice stating that they could have ceilings put to their living-rooms—for two years the bare joists and floorboards of the bedrooms constituted the ceilings: it was possible to see into the bedroom from the room beneath.

It was many months after the cottages had been built before the builders were sent to make the front and back doors tight, and so prevent the rain from flooding the tenants out. In one case the wood of the front door has warped so that the door cannot now be opened.

In many cases the rain still beats into the rooms, some of which have no fireplaces installed. One poor girl suffered with consumption; she had either to stay in her bedroom with a tiny grate that needed replenishing every fifteen minutes, or to go into a poky scullery-kitchen-sitting-room in which were four adults and a baby. She died.

Were it not for the fact that these holdings must have been established with their defects recognised in advance, we should have to attribute it to incompetence only. But the Sub-Committee of the Westhampnett R.D.C. reported to the West Sussex County Council that the conditions "were insanitary and such as to constitute a serious nuisance," and that "the general structural arrangements were not such as to be likely to give satisfactory results."

The cost of this maladministration is the ruin of a number of small-holders—in two years twenty-three holdings have had nearly fifty tenants—and thousands of pounds of public money. Mr. Henry Marshall has stated that not less than a quarter of a million pounds has been muddled away; acres that were bought for £40 an acre cannot now fetch £12.

All over the country there are similar cases, to assist which the National Union of Small-holders is doing enormous good. Excessive rents are charged; Viscount Wolmer states that the rents charged by the Ministry are more than double those charged by ordinary landlords.

At Barnhill, Scotland, the cottages are badly constructed, doors being made of green wood and the walls not being watertight.

At Little Woodcote, Surrey, the same conditions obtain. The cottages were built first and made watertight afterwards; the rain-water pipes discharged direct on to the ground, thus causing swamps. There was no provision for storing stocks, not even a shed; there were no hedges or fences to the land. And for this foul land an average rent of 80s. an acre was charged.

Pressure must be brought to bear on the Government to remedy this terrible state of affairs. No wonder there are less than 240,000 holdings now as compared with the 1,330,000 of four years ago.

A Peer and a Snowball

WE do not advise anybody to take shares in a concern called "Increased Incomes Limited." The word limited is an unpleasant one in connection with such a noble intention as the increase of income.

There are other objections to the concern known as "Increased Incomes Limited," which is located at 18-19, Ironmonger Lane, London, E.C. 2. Before we come to these objections we may mention that the director and trustee is the Right Honourable Lord Louth.

He was born on board his father's Yacht, the *Pilgrim*, near Dieppe. He served through the war as a major in the Westminster Dragoons. He owns about five thousand acres, and his recreations are hunting, shooting and fishing.

We presume that it was in the intervals that he could snatch from his alluring pastimes that he allowed himself to become chairman of "Increased Incomes Limited," which has for its object the increase of limited incomes.

The way it was proposed to be done is set forth in the company's literature with admirable clarity. "It is a snowball business in which every member"—it costs you less than £2 to become a member—"sends in ten names (called a group) and you receive 2s. commission on each member who joins, also 2s. on the further members resulting from the snowball as described in the further particulars."

As examples, it is stated that "if four out of your ten names join, and three out of each succeeding group up to group seven, the total value of your commissions is £437."

"If all your ten names join, followed by eight out of ten in group two, seven out of ten in group three, six out of ten in group four, five out of ten in group five, three out of ten in group six and seven, you get £10,000."

Unhappily, it is only a dream. A gentleman in South Wales, thinking in his simple Welsh fashion that to secure £10,000 was, on the whole, worth investing nearly £2 in the concern presided over by Lord Louth, sent in his money.

Then he sat back and waited for the group to start grouping. Having allowed a reasonable time for this process, he thought he would like to get his £10,000. Not getting it he thought he would like to get his £2 back. He is still thinking hard. But he cannot get his £2 back and he cannot get any replies to his letters asking for it.

We appeal to the most noble Lord Louth, who has no doubt increased his income by the methods of the Increased Incomes Limited, to do something for this man. We do not ask him to send £10,000. Even Crœsus could not send £10,000 to all the disappointed investors in this pipe-dream concern.

But if Lord Louth will send him back thirty-seven-and-six, it will be accounted to him to righteousness and graciousness. In the alternative will he please ask someone to reply to the letters of investors in his romantic company?

WHY WE ARE "WILD MEN"

HAVE you ever seen the slums of the Gallowgate in Glasgow? The hovels in the High Street of Edinburgh? Have you listened to the cries of hungry babies or fled from the moans of poor distressed mothers? These are some of the things that have made "wild men" of the Scottish Socialist M.P.s.

by JOHN ROBERTSON, M.B.E., M.P.

(Junior Lord of the Treasury)

NO section of members returned to the House of Commons since 1918 has bulked so largely in the public eye as those Labour Members who came from North of the Tweed, and especially those who represent the constituencies on the Clyde. By our opponents various descriptions have been applied to us—"The wild men from the Clyde," "The red men from the Clyde," "The Clyde revolutionaries."

Why is it that Scotland, noted for its adherence to Liberalism through good and bad, has within a few years (and especially in the industrial areas) gone over largely to Socialism? Is this only a passing phase due to the aftermath of the War, or is it a settled policy that the people of Scotland have forsaken their old Party ties and become attached to a new and untried Party who demand a new order of society based entirely on a complete change in the industrial and social system?

EVERY Scottish Labour member is an uncompromising Socialist and has gained his seat fighting both Liberal and Tory as common enemies. It may be said that the Scottish Labour men did not stand as Socialist candidates. While that may be true, as the Labour Party does not claim to be a Socialist Party, yet everyone of the Scottish Labour men are avowed Socialists, and without hesitation declare themselves as such in their constituencies.

No elector could cast a vote in any doubt as to whether or no the Labour Candidate was a Socialist. To have received such a share of public attention is not due to their numbers, for it has to be borne in mind that the Scottish members only number about a ninth part of the whole membership of the British Parliament, and the Scottish Labour members about a twentieth of the total membership of the whole House.

EVERY one of them has been reared in a humble home, and those of them who are professional men gained their position mostly by the sacrifice of working-class parents and denying themselves the usual pleasures of youth of their age. There are those who have come from the mine and the factory, but on the other hand there are those who, after "climbing" by perseverence into prominent positions, have forsaken the church and the schoolroom for the House of Commons at great personal sacrifice.

They are supposed to be all young men, led away by the alluring doctrines of Socialism, but with no practical experience in the administrative affairs of the country. Nothing could be further from the actual facts. The most uncompromising Socialists are to be found amongst the old men of the group, and all of them have had years of experience on the local governing bodies in the districts they now represent in Parliament.

THE Scottish section has taken its share in debate on the floor of the House—some say more than its share—but I am convinced that it is the vigour, close attention to business and uncompromising attitude that has earned members the reputation of "always being on their feet" in the House.

There is considerable scope for analysis of us so-called "wild men" on the lines already taken in this article, but for the present purpose probably enough has been said to form an idea as to what are the forces behind those vigorous Scots. The superficial thinker fastens on the individual in the House, but it has to be borne in mind that the Socialism advocated in the House of Commons is only a reflex of the opinions of their constituents.

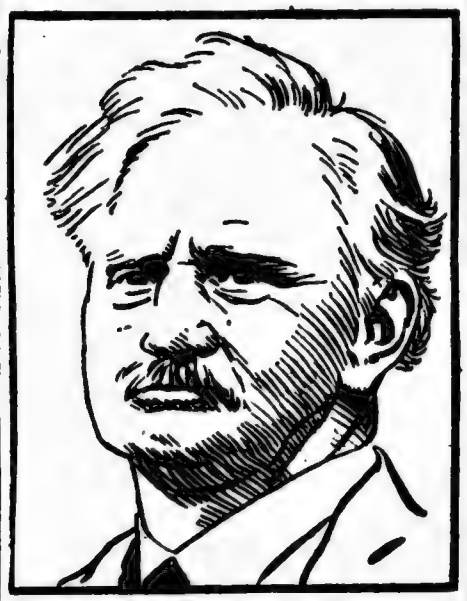
SO we must shift our ground from the House of Commons and the personnel of the Scottish Labour Members to the Scottish constituencies to find the reasons for the change in the representation in the House of Commons brought about by the change of opinion amongst the electorate. The reasons for this vigour and readiness to combat in the political and economic field are to be found deep-rooted in the history of the Scottish nation. I do not pretend to be able to explain the forces that make for, or reasons that lead to, the division of one nation from another in philosophy, religion or politics. That there are those divisions in nations is a fact and Scotland is no exception to the rule.

Where is the native of Scotland who, from childhood, has not been told of the struggles and martyrdom of Sir William Wallace in his struggle for Scottish independence, and even to this day feels a pride in the National hero and speaks with contempt of the name of Monteith, his supposed betrayer?

THE heroes of the Scottish Covenant are a source of greater pride amongst the Scottish people than the Reformation a century or so earlier, whose spirit gave to the Scottish people at least the beginnings of their educational system that is so often referred to amongst educationists in every part of the world. Mistaken zeal it may have been on the part of the Covenanters, when viewing their actions in the light of present day conditions, but nevertheless friend and foe alike are compelled to admire their steadfastness under torture even unto death for their religious convictions.

This struggle for National and religious freedom against a more powerful neighbour has given them the spirit to fight and conquer. Their educational system has equipped them to take a leading part in the struggles of the past and will maintain them in the forefront of that struggle in the years that are to come.

In the early days of the trade union movement one of the most outstanding figures, and who is spoken of to this day with reverence



JOHN ROBERTSON, M.P.

especially amongst the miners, was Alexander MacDonald. In the early days of the Socialist movement it was Keir Hardie who stood in the forefront of the movement. The same spirit that moved the Covenantors, uncompromising in his opinions, going down to the grave in the belief that ultimately the Right would triumph.

THE Socialism of Scottish people and their leaders is not that of Karl Marx, but is based on the teaching of Jesus Christ and Robert Burns. It is sometimes brought against many of the Scottish Labourists that they have forsaken the faith of their fathers, and this is judged by their non-attendance at church. Their reply is that the Church has forsaken the teachings of its founder, whose name it bears.

The Scottish people have not gone to the economic writers for their condemnation of the present system. They have seen the evil effects and asked themselves is it right or wrong? Their theological teaching has convinced them it is wrong. Their National bard has poured contempt, using the language of the common people, on everything that goes to make man the slave of his fellow man. He has taught his countrymen to stand erect in the presence of those whose greatness can only exist by the debasement and degradation of their fellow man. He has given them the ideal of a time—*When mankind throughout the world shall be brothers.*

IT is the people behind the Scottish members who are convinced of the justice of their demands that has made them vigorous, uncompromising and socialistic.

Uncompromising as the Scottish people may have been, and probably still are, in matters theological and political, the rights demanded for themselves they have granted to a minority living in their midst, at least on matters educational. This has helped to consolidate the Labour and Socialistic forces in Scotland and removed from the ranks of the workers that sense of injustice that must exist where the privileges and advantages of a good education are denied to a child merely because of the creed of its parent.

The Scottish people have seen the horrors in housing, bad health, and all the consequences of poverty existing under the present social and industrial system. They ask themselves is it right or wrong. The majority have come to the conclusion that it is wrong. They believe the wrong can be swept away but not while the present system lasts. They are in rebellion against the existing order not merely because they know it to be bad, but because they are convinced it can be replaced by what they are convinced is a better system.

BUT while the movement in Scotland is a rebellion against existing conditions no one need expect any attempt of a violent and sudden upheaval to get rid of the old and usher in the new. It's a constitutional movement in so far as both representatives and people have their faith in the ballot box and not the barricade.

So far as Scotland is concerned it is history repeating itself. The fight is not now for National Independence or Religious Freedom, but for Economic and Industrial Emancipation. The rebels in the House of Commons, speaking out against the existing order, are but voicing the opinions and aspirations of that section of the Scottish people who have no longer any faith in the old political Parties or belief in the existing system to prevent poverty.

They demand a change.

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and Occasionally Nonentities)

To Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS, M.P.,
House of Commons.

DEAR SIR,—When the House of Commons very properly objected to the Lords' amendments to the Evictions Bill you boldly declared that the upper House had a right to take its place in legislation. You will pardon me if I ask "what right?" As a curious survival of mediævalism the Lords are, no doubt, a picturesque institution, but when it comes to legislation I have yet to learn that they represent anybody but themselves. Certainly they have not the only right that Britain recognises—election by the free votes of the people. JOHN BULL.

To Captain WEDGWOOD BENN, M.P.,
House of Commons.

SIR,—You have taken up a good cause in championing the claim of Mrs. Stan Harding against the United States. This lady, while acting as a journalist in Russia, was imprisoned for months and condemned to death on a false charge of espionage made by a representative of the American Government who was acting temporarily as a Soviet informer. America is a great country. It compliments us handsomely when we pay our debts. Here is an opportunity for it to meet a small claim. JOHN BULL.

To the CHAIRMAN,
Folkestone Magistrates.

SIR,—Your action in refusing an application for permission to hold a Sunday concert in aid of the British Legion at one of the local picture palaces on the ground that "it would be setting up a bad precedent" disgusts me. I wonder that the ghosts of the gallant fellows who marched through your town singing on their way to death on the battlefield do not haunt your bedside and make sleep impossible. Of what use are war memorials "To Our Glorious Dead" when such callous indifference to the needs of the living is shown by those in authority? Shame on you!
JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. J. R. CLYNES, M.P.,
Lord Privy Seal.

SIR,—Your outspoken condemnation of "unofficial" strikes may excite the anger of hare-brained extremists, but will earn you the respect of all right-thinking citizens. At the same time you do well to warn the representatives of Capital that "a great contributory cause" of these troubles "is undue delay in arranging to settle within reasonable time the issues which are raised between employers and employed." On the whole you have made a statesmanlike pronouncement on a vexed and burning theme. JOHN BULL.

To ALDERMAN A. T. PARRY,
Mayor of Shoreditch.

SIR,—I cannot congratulate your Council on their decision to contest the claim of an employee for the half-pay which was promised him when he enlisted, especially after they had obtained counsel's opinion that he is entitled to this bonus. The fact that payment in this case will involve payments in others totalling £6,000 or £7,000 is beside the point. To go to Court in the hope of getting out of a moral obligation by means of a legal quibble is a despicable proceeding which is unworthy of any public body. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. F. O. ROBERTS, M.P.,
Minister of Pensions.

DEAR SIR,—You have shown such welcome broadmindedness and humanity in administering your office that I am sure you will readily respond to the appeal I now make to you when I ask you to rescind the order lengthening the working week at the Ministry's convalescent centres. The men at these centres are suffering from an average disability of 50 per cent., and for such an extra five hours a week is no light burden. I am loth to believe that you are personally responsible for this order. In any case I should be obliged if you would make it plain to your officials that the country owes a debt to these men, and that they are not industrial serfs. JOHN BULL.

Waiting for the Crash!

To Colonel JOSIAH WEDGWOOD, M.P.,
Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

DEAR "JOSH,"—Right glad I am to find you speaking out on the land question which lies at the root of so many social evils, and I hope we shall not be presently told you were "not speaking for the Government." Land reform ought to make a compelling appeal to the mind and heart of Labour, for land-hunger and poverty walk hand in hand. JOHN BULL.

To Dr. F. G. WALDO,
Coroner, Southwark.

SIR,—Your verdict at the inquest on little Stephen Carter, who died of broncho-pneumonia, was "death from natural causes." The little boy slept in the same bed as his parents and another child; there was no room for a cot, as this one room comprised the whole of the home. In the other three rooms of the house eleven others lived. The medical evidence was that "broncho-pneumonia was often produced by want of pure air." Ought not the verdict to have been: "Murdered by vile social conditions"?
JOHN BULL.

To the CHAIRMAN OF MAGISTRATES,
Scunthorpe.

SIR,—When a seventy-six-year-old man named Cotton was charged with indecent offences against two little girls, it was stated by the police that he had also been charged, in April, with an indecent offence, and that these were not the only complaints. Your Bench decreed that if he came back for judgment in a week he would go to jail, but if he remained at Brigg Institution "nothing more would be said." But what about the little girls on whom this pervert had left an ineradicable mark? Your leniency looks like lunacy.
JOHN BULL.

To R. WEDGWOOD, Esq.
Gen. Mgr., L. & N.E Rly. Coy.

SIR,—Will you institute enquiries and discover which of your servants has been guilty of fiendish cruelty to some cattle to such an extent that your company was fined £10 and £5 5s. costs? Nine beasts were crowded in a truck and sent to Hull, a distance of nine miles, where they should have arrived at 6.10, whereas they did not arrive until 1.10 the next day. One beast arrived dead, and the others collapsed. Unless you can call the responsible person to order the blame will be at your door. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. C. K. WATKINSON,
Grimsby.

SIR,—At the Primitive Methodist Conference at Newcastle-on-Tyne you stated that the Prince of Wales, on the Continent recently, lost very heavily in the Casino one Sunday night, and you moved a resolution protesting against the close association of Royalty with the Turf. The Royal Family in this country is conspicuous for its devotion to public work, and the remarks you made are an impertinent intrusion on the privacy and leisure of the Ruling House. It is cheap impertinence that the people of this country regard with contempt. JOHN BULL.

To POLICE-INSPECTOR W. J. KEANE,
Chesterfield.

SIR,—It must have been a novel experience for you to stand in the position of defendant charged with assault in your local Court. Seeing some men on the pavement looking at an evening paper, you told them they should know better than to stand there "reading racing papers," and advised them to go home, emphasising your advice by giving one of them a push, which "may have been rather heavy," admitted the Town Clerk, who defended you. Of course you were not convicted, but I hope after this you will learn to say your little piece, "Move on, please!" more sweetly, and avoid unnecessary gestures.
JOHN BULL.

Without Fear or Favour

YOUR ACRE AND A COW

THROUGH a criminally short-sighted policy, Great Britain is neglecting her internal resources, and the land is not yielding what God intended it to yield. We purchase from abroad for our own consumption £600,000,000 worth of foodstuffs.

OUR present congested town population, our sparse country-side population, and our poorly and underpaid agricultural labourers are the outcome of a long and systematic landlord tyranny that can be traced down to the Peasant Revolt of 1377, and through the disturbed period of Henry VIII.'s reign.

In those days rural discontent came to a head and many small-holders were evicted from their holdings by unscrupulous legislation carried out by big landowners who ruthlessly used the Enclosure Act to buy up public land and evict the small man from the land he held on lease from the Government.

The great historian, Green, says:

"In this way it came to pass that these poor wretches—men, women, husbands, orphans, widows, parents with little children—had to emigrate from their native fields without knowing where to go. The sale of their scanty household stuff drove them to wander homeless abroad, and to be thrown into prison as vagabonds."

Land Stolen from the People

It is from the unjustifiable sale of public lands, by enclosure and eviction, that the land has been wrested from the hands of the people, and to-day rests in the hands of great landlords and big farming interests that follow a policy of laying down grass to the exclusion of arable farming and the reduction of labour to an absolute minimum.

To-day this country, through a criminally short-sighted policy, is prodigally neglecting her internal resources, and the land does not yield what God intended it to yield. We are, in the eyes of the outside world, wasting our latent resources, and, in consequence, deserve no pity or consideration in these days of industrial distress.

We are purchasing from abroad for our own consumption some £600,000,000 worth of foodstuffs. If we developed our home production, as is done abroad, we could save £200,000,000 in butter, bacon, vegetables, fruit and poultry, etc.

It has been found in the Colonies that, unless the people are in possession of the land, agricultural development suffers; that land is partially developed, and that a state of stagnation, waste and agricultural demoralisation sets in.

Skeletons on our Doorsteps

This country to-day is suffering from this state of things; the people are excluded from the land, they are herded together in derelict towns, eking out a living, half on and half off the dole, while the land is being gradually turned into grass to feed a few live-stock per acre, and employing a few shepherds and a few sheep-dogs.

If we knew no better, if other countries were doing the same, such a state of things would be excusable, but go where you will, nothing like it is to be found in any of the four Continents. France, Germany, Holland and Denmark have their people on the land in possession. They were able after the great war and demobilisation to absorb the main body of their disbanded armies in agriculture and start at once to produce the foundation of wealth—food.

Not so in Britain. Our men and our women were like rats in a trap. They couldn't get away from poverty and industrially stagnant cities. Every household to-day has its spectre of starvation on the door-step, has its destitute relative to help and often support.

Motives behind the Politicians

Our politicians, to whatever Party they may belong, lack perception, mobility of mind and the powers of adaptability necessary for this crisis in the history of our people. They cannot change a lifetime of mental ineptitude in a day. They cannot see beyond export and import.

A self-supporting homestead is, to them, of no value. A family that can produce all the chief necessities of life, such as milk, bread, bacon, vegetables and poultry, etc., has no special meaning to them, except that it places that family outside the call of a labour market, outside the power of a trade union organisation, and is, therefore, valueless in the general scheme of things!

Politicians are saturated with ulterior motives, sinister vested interests move silently behind the scenes, and the people are the dupes and slaves of many masters, who thrive on the poverty, helplessness, and wretchedness of the community.

For every honest politician there are nine who are under the spell of one or the other harmful vested interest, who have their heels dug in to prevent honest reform. There is that ever-present apathy, that ever-present antagonism to all reform.

Up till now the only solution for unemployment has been a lavish expenditure of our diminishing wealth in unproductive undertakings throughout the country.

Blind to the Colonies' Lead

The fact that our Colonies find, in a redistribution of land and the settlement of the people on the best land, an endless source of wealth to the revenue and an invaluable help to the general prosperity of the Colony, stands for nothing in the eyes of our Party leaders.

All reforms have to be fought out, the dead-weight of inertia has to be moved by the whole-hearted effort of the people. They are *the arbiters*, but they must rouse themselves to action, they must organise constitutionally, they must insist on the opening out of the rich land ordained by God for fair division.

The Food Poisoners

NOT a week passes without fresh evidence of the prevalence of food poisoning. The virus is everywhere. Small wonder when the scientists tell us, as they do, that almost everything we eat is befouled.

The latest report on food adulteration comes from Mr. A. E. Parkes, Borough Analyst for Poplar, and it is a terrible document.

To-day, in this East End borough, it is practically impossible to buy fresh and wholesome food. Vitamines, upon which modern doctors set such store, cannot live in Poplar. The health-giving properties of food are, in the vast majority of cases, destroyed by harmful chemical preservatives.

Of a hundred samples of margarine bought in Poplar no fewer than ninety-three were found to be dosed with drugs. Not a single specimen of lemon curd, lemon juice, coffee essence, or fish-paste was free from pollution.

More than half the samples of butter, including "dairy" and "best fresh," were similarly doctored. "Cake," in the poorest parts of the borough, is a fancy name for a chemical concoction, and "sausages" a term applied to bags of poisoned bread flavoured with meat refuse. On the top of facts like these we are told that the long-deferred Report of the Government Committee is "expected shortly."

All we can say is that it is scandalously overdue. Poisoning, due to filthy food, is rampant, and every day fresh deaths result.

Wanted: A Man!

IS there no man in the churches big enough and bold enough to preach Christianity as a cure for our social ills?

All sects agree that Christ came to save the world. If ever the world needed saving, it is now. What is the Church's message to this troubled expectant age?

Some time ago a business man from the North of England sought an interview with Dr. Norwood of the City Temple, and asked him point-blank if the Christian Church had any social and industrial policy to recommend to the nation. It would, perhaps, be unfair to say that the questioner went empty away, but Dr. Norwood himself confesses that after parting with his eager guest he spent a sleepless night in shame and self-reproach.

The City Temple minister had then recently returned from a great Christian conference on political and industrial questions, at which, as he sadly relates, agreement was reached on only one solitary subject.

After a week's deliberation they had no policy for the prevention of war, no agreed programme of social amelioration. Upon one theme could they agree, and that was upon a resolution urging Christian churchmen to abstain from raffles and guessing competitions!

What a message for a dying world! Is the Master so ill-served that none will preach His saving gospel as the only hope for the race?

Pandering to Sensation

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

(Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.)

PARLIAMENT answers to public feeling as a horse answers to a whip. It is because the public does not seem to care for our unemployed that Parliament does nothing to help them. Think what it must mean to men to wake up to a world which has no place for you!

Lord Burnham (Pres. Newspaper Proprietors' Association), who should note that there is human interest in social problems.

FOR every person who takes even the most casual interest in our unemployed you may find ten thousand consumedly interested in the Frenchman Vacquier and Mrs. Jones of the Blue Anchor Inn at Byfleet. The reason for this odd state of things is simple enough. Any case in which murder is alleged or suspected appeals to all mankind on the ground of "human interest." Let a man or woman be mixed up with a mysterious death or a suspected crime and, however sordid and disgusting the details, they immediately become objects of public attention. The newspaper editor pounces on such a case as a vulture pounces on a carcase. It is "good copy" because it is human.

But if we took a little more trouble with our thinking we should discover that there is plenty of human interest in such a matter as unemployment—human interest enough to touch the hardest heart and the coldest mind in our midst, human interest enough to rouse the national conscience to action as great and powerful as that which followed upon Mrs. Browning's poignant appeal for children employed in factories.

TAKE, for example, the following aspect of this question. A clerk writes to me from Brighton of the bitter misery he suffers every week in going for his dole. How many of us ever think of the feelings of men who line up in queues week after week to receive the pittance of enforced idleness?

"They have a policeman on duty at the Labour Exchange; the police take their turn of duty. In this way, a man constantly visiting the Bureau becomes known to the police force. If he goes out with his wife on a Sunday afternoon every policeman he meets knows him by sight as being one of the unemployed. The more respectable a man looks, the quicker he is noticed. What a glorious notoriety! You may say there is no shame in being out of work. I know that; but any man with feelings *must* smart in such a position. What have we done that we should suffer such humiliation?"

WHAT this particular man has done may be told in this place. He is a married clerk, aged thirty-two, with two young children. He fought in the war, joining a miner's battalion, and after fighting for us in all the horrors of Flanders, he was captured and thrown into a German prison. "I nearly died with dysentery and starvation," he writes. "I know what it is to suffer continual hunger. God knows that; yet I tell you I would suffer that again rather than undergo the mental agonies and tortures I am now enduring through being 'just out of work.'"

When the war ended, and no work was to be found, he re-enlisted in the R.A.S.C., and left in April, 1923. Since that time he has done one day's work. That is the reward for his service in the field — one day's work. He quotes Dostoevsky: "There is a certain hell, comparable to no other, in seeking work and finding none." He has advertised, canvassed, answered advertisements, personally offered his services in any capacity to employers of labour, told people he will do whatever they ask him for 30s. a week. All in vain.

He returns to his wife and children day after day with no good news. The black cloud over this little home does not drift away. The long lane of monotonous misery shows no turning on either side. There is only one way in which he can earn bread for his children—he must line up in a queue at the Labour Exchange, under the watchful eyes of the police. Flowers for the Cenotaph, flowers for the grave of the Unknown Warrior; but no work, even at starvation wages, for the living who saved the world from Prussian despotism.

"So we go on," he writes; "and when we get old, and in danger of the workhouse, people will say, 'Serve the lazy old devil right; he must have abused his chances!' Is it too much to ask of a country for which we have fought, bled and suffered starvation, just the right to earn a living and retain one's self-respect?"

Admiral J. G. Armstrong wrote to the *Morning Post* the other day on the subject of hundreds of officers out of work. He says that these officers do not ask for large salaries. On the contrary, the commonest phrase they use is "I will take anything," or "Let me just begin, and I will prove my worth"—phrases like this, says the Admiral, "we hear every day, and it is heart-breaking to feel how little we can do to serve such men as they have served us."

IT is true that the League of Officers can do little, but the British public can do much. I do not exaggerate when I say that if the British public gave half the attention to the matter which they have given to the man Mahon or the woman Jones, it could be solved in a few weeks. All that is necessary for the public to do is to feel for these out-of-work men a little human sympathy, and to let the Government know that they care for these unhappy and brave young men, and that they wish work to be provided for them. It is because the public does not seem to care a toss for our unemployed that Parliament does nothing to help them. Parliament answers to public feeling as a horse answers to a whip.

WITH all my heart I beg the readers of this paper, who number two or three millions, to think about our unemployed. They themselves may have a struggle to exist, but most of them possess their self-respect and can take their walks abroad without any feeling of shame when they encounter a policeman. Let them consider how much they have to be grateful for, and how tremendously it is their duty to care for the sorrows and sufferings of other people—particularly those people who fought and suffered for us in the war.

It only seems that Unemployment is a dull subject, lacking in human interest. Think about it, think what it must mean for a million men to wake up day after day to a world which has no place for them, no kindness for them, and surely the heart of every person who is not sunk in selfish brutality must be profoundly moved and poignantly anxious to do these brother-men some kindly service.

Remember, this tragedy goes on and on. It is not broken up by interludes of hope. It shows no sign, indeed, of ever coming to an end. For a vast body of people in our midst, children as well as men and women, despair is a daily portion, and hope a mockery.

Black Hole

Crime is often a matter of environment and surroundings.

Mr. Justice Sankey, who does not wonder that certain people do wrong.

THE entrance into the Parliamentary arena of a Party inspired by ideals of social, rather than political, reform has naturally reawakened the old discussion between the philosophers who believe that men are largely the creatures of their circumstances, and the rival school who contend that we are mainly governed by inflexible laws of heredity. The difference between the two theories is of enormous importance in practical effect.

The first can be summarised in Pope's couplet: "'Tis education forms the common mind, Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." The opposite view is expressed in Herbert Spencer's dictum that "the poverty of the incapable, the distresses that come upon the imprudent, the starvation of the idle, and those shoulderings aside of the weak by the strong which leave so many in shallows and in miseries, are decrees of a large, far-seeing benevolence."

As in most of life's complicated problems, there is much to be said in this dispute on both sides. Professor Low's recent article in JOHN BULL showed us the grave danger to the State of helping hopeless degenerates to increase and multiply their tainted breed. But even in the famous case of the Jukes family which the writer quoted, there is evidence that the latest descendants of that blighted stock have, under improved conditions of existence, shown considerable moral, mental, and physical amendment.

Whether the botch in that particular instance has been worth the family's fearful cost in crime, vice, and money, may reasonably be questioned. But the fact that in this, the worst case known to science, a healthier environment has checked apparently incurable hereditary disease, should encourage the efforts of our social good Samaritans to mend less desperate depravity.

We need not depend for argument on the contradictory views of biologists. We have eyes and ears of our own. We know that in the rotten

Lyons and Their Waitresses

by A. G. GARDINER

OUR contributor turns the searchlight of publicity upon the great catering firm of Lyons and Co., and criticises their wages to waitresses. When girls are not paid an existence wage, the temptations which this fact involves are too palpable and too terrible to be ignored.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to me asking why the newspapers are so reluctant to publish anything in the nature of criticisms of the great firm of Lyons and Co. She states in proof of her charge that recently, when a reduction in the scale of payment of the waitresses was announced, and justified on the ground that the girls earned £6 weekly in tips, she wrote exposing this "monstrous lie" to five daily papers, not one of which published her denial.

I am not in a position to say whether the general suggestion she makes is just. I am prepared to believe that there is truth in it, for Lyons are great advertisers, newspapers live on advertising, and it is common knowledge that they do not go out of their way to offend advertisers.

But whatever the truth or the untruth of the charge, there is ample reason for insisting that this great organisation is a very urgent subject for the searchlight of publicity.

It is on the matter of its administration and its relations to its employees that publicity is necessary. The growth of this enormous business concern is one of the great social facts of the time. As Harmsworth exploited the new democracy in its hunger for sensation, so Joseph Lyons exploited it in the needs of its stomachs. He saw millions of people clamouring for tea and buns, and no adequate provision made for supplying them.

LYONS became the king of caterers. He occupied a kingdom in which he had no rival, and he built up a business which, I suppose, is the greatest of the sort the world has ever seen. He was not a philanthropist, but it can hardly be denied that he did the Londoner a good turn, and contributed substantially to the conveniences of life.

Nor have we any grievance against Lyons' because it has been prosperous. If it had not been prosperous it would not have been so efficient. The question which is important, and which does need public consideration, is whether its prosperity is being fairly distributed among those whose labour is the raw material of the prosperity. One thing is clear. The shareholders are doing well out of Lyons'. Last year the profit on the business was £665,377, and the dividend paid was 25 per cent. The fortunate people who hold the original shares therefore, are, at this rate, in the comfortable position of getting their capital back in dividends once in every four years. Since the war the aggregate profits of the firm have amounted to four and a half millions.

ARE the thousands of servants, mostly women, on whose work this splendid edifice of profits is founded, getting their share of the reward? Is the payment they receive fair, and are the hours they work reasonable? On this point there is much more room for question than on the subject of profits. The matter has become the more urgent in view of the conditions at Wembley. The problem of the waitress and the waiter in general, turns upon the equivocal method of payment. The assumption has been, and largely is, that the payment of waiters is nominal, and that their real remuneration comes from tips. It is a detestable system.

There was illustration of one aspect of the evil the other day at an inquest by Mr. Waldo, the City Coroner, on a waitress (not in a Lyons' restaurant) who had died of heart disease in the lunch-hour rush, and whose wages were stated to have been 9s. a week "and gratuities." The coroner very properly commented on this pitiful pay, and denounced the practice of sweating women on the assumption that someone else would give them a living wage.

Dr. F. G. Waldo, the coroner who denounced the practice of sweating women workers in tea shops.

It is fair to Lyons to say that they tried to break with this wretched system. They made "No gratuities" the slogan of their tea shops and restaurants. The assumption, implicit in this creditable gesture, was that the girls were being paid a living wage by the firm in the shape of salary and commission. When it was proposed last September to reduce the wage, the suggestion was that the commission represented a substantial addition to the salary.

Is that so? I have before me a statement of the position by one of the waitresses who says: "I know, personally, dozens of fellow waitresses who get no commission whatever, although a few are allowed it, and even then it is usually paid only after such a high amount of sales for the week that it is almost impossible to get any. *Re* tips: We put all ours in a box for the purpose, and usually get about 5s. each per quarter per head. *Re* wages: I and all others I know get at present 27s. a week. Out of this we pay away: To dinners supplied by the firm, 1s. 6d.; to cost of waitress dress and caps (compulsory), 2s. 6d.; to laundry, 2s.; total, 6s. Then there is the sports fund, semi-compulsory, and insurance. You will see then that we have a high burden in cash to carry home on Saturday—£1 approximately and now we are only going to get less." Is this a fair statement of the position? If it is, how can it be reconciled with the 25 per cent. dividend?

BUT at Wembley the conditions are different. The legend "No gratuities" has disappeared, and if the facts which have been published in great detail in the *Daily Herald* are well founded, the position cannot be regarded as other than extremely unsatisfactory. It is stated that waitresses are paid 15s. a week, less insurance, that it is rare to find a waitress who makes in all 5s. a day, that the hours amount to sixty-two per week, and that in circumstances of great difficulty they are made responsible for customers who are mean enough to "bilk" their bills. One correspondent mentions that his daughter had 12s. of her 15s. deducted at the end of the week on account of two customers who had not paid their bill.

There are other firms whose record is much inferior to Lyons, and I refer to Lyons only because of the dominant position they hold in this great industry. But if the facts which are before us are accurate, it is plain that in the circumstances of the time there is grave reason to believe that the waitress class is a sweated trade, that it is not being paid an existence wage, and that the temptations which this fact involves are too palpable to be ignored.

The remedy is obvious. The tip should be disregarded and employers should be required to pay a living wage. Let the Government set up a Trade Board for the waiter class.

oles of Britain

by ALEX. M. THOMPSON

ferment of our big cities there are filthy stews, the haunts of drunkards and thieves where whole families are huddled together. We need no learned professor steeped in scientific lore to tell us whether decency of life, honour, or social duty is likely to bloom in those stifling sties. We have seen the pale-faced children of those pest-houses, bare-footed, in rags more cold than nakedness, seeking offal in the gutters, finding their Elysium of light and warmth, their ideal of beauty and joy, at the doors of the gaudy gin-palaces, and their spiritual banquet of social fellowship in the blasphemous ribaldry of besotted harlots and hooligans.

And we common, unlearned persons having seen these things, unquestioningly believe with Mr. Justice Sankey, that "crime is often a matter of environment." "When I see the miserable surroundings in which so many people live and work," said that humane judge at the recent Norwich Assizes, "I do not wonder that they fall into wrongdoing." We even go further and wonder that from the slums we have seen in London, Liverpool, and Glasgow, any human soul can ever lift itself to moral health. Yet happily we do know, from the achievements of men like Robert Holmes, that amongst the mass of incorrigibles, a fair percentage of redeemable potentialities may be discovered. By education, by example, by fresh air, by congenial employment, even the descendants of a Jukes, if removed in youth from surroundings favourable to their criminal proclivities, may be rescued from their ancestral damnation.

And the less depraved, the underpaid shop-girl or seamstress whose love of finery has brought her to disgrace, the workman whose moral fibre has been weakened by a long spell of unemployment, these only need the temporary help and guidance of their stronger or more fortunate fellows to be saved from sinking for ever into the "shallows and miseries"

Mr. Justice Sankey is right: the force of conditions is as mighty as the force of heredity. Kindness, charity, and social reform *are* worth while. Florence Nightingale, Elizabeth Fry, Howard, Shaftesbury have been more useful to the world than Nero, Caligula, Torquemada.

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Mrs. BELL, 35, Linden Terrace, Gainsborough.

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Saints and Sinners

TISSUE-PAPER PROPHETS

Plague of Cults and Coteries

by HESKETH PEARSON

THE modern world is plagued with cults and coteries. Little bands of absurd enthusiasts gather around certain musicians, painters and writers, laud them to the skies, advertise their virtues as though they were cakes of soap or tubes of dental paste, and send up such a din that it is difficult for ordinary folk to separate the wheat of achievement from the chaff of endeavour.

In literature the cult-disease rages with extraordinary virulence. There is (or has been) a Wells cult, a Hardy cult, a Conrad cult, a Moore cult, a Drinkwater cult. All these cults, of course, defeat their own object. They swell reputations only to kill them. When you "make a corner" in a thing, there is a grave risk of its remaining permanently in the corner.

PERHAPS the only first-rate living writer who has never been the victim of a cult is John Galsworthy. From the first he has been allowed to retain possession of his soul. He has not been exploited by disciples. He has not been forced to live up to a spurious reputation. He has never suffered from the creeping-paralysis of "clique" hero-worship.

It is difficult to exaggerate the immense advantages enjoyed by a writer whose first editions are not sought out at great expense and religiously collected. It means that he is not a "precious" writer, that he has no special little message for a special little menagerie, and that his general popularity with intelligent people is enough to damn him in the eyes of those who like their favourites to themselves.

IT also means that his work is human enough to stand on its own merits, and big enough not to appeal to that strangely perverted type of person who would rather possess the babblings of a minor poet on Japanese vellum than the inspirations of a prophet on tissue paper.

There is an amazing sanity about John Galsworthy. He never loses his head, He sees every side of every question with equal clarity. For this reason he has never adopted a political creed.

His unclouded outlook would be inhuman if it suggested a mere intellectual superiority to partisanship. But it does not suggest that. It is equally the effect of sympathy and sense—a soft heart and a balanced mind. Without making a parade of Christianity or even calling himself a Christian, he is the most Christian writer alive in Great Britain.

HIS works have done more tangible good in this country than the works of anyone else in our history except Charles Dickens. It was a performance of "Justice" that softened the heart of a Home Secretary and brought about the abolition of solitary confinement in our prisons.

By constantly exposing the anomalies in a social code that make the poor suffer and protect the rich, he has touched the conscience of thousands and helped to civilise the law courts.

Not long ago he was offered a knighthood. But though he is not by nature a proud man, he refused that indignity. He felt—rightly, I think—that he hadn't deserved it. It is better to have served your fellows, than to have them call you "Sir."

John Galsworthy

THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

The Antics of an Ass

by HARRISON OWEN

"THAT, having in his care a performing animal, to wit, an ass called the Law, he did permit the said animal to become a grave annoyance to His Majesty's liege subjects," was the charge against Viscount Haldane.

The accused said "that, as a philosopher, he thought it wisest not to plead; as a lawyer, he would advise himself to plead 'Not guilty'; but, as a humanist, he admitted that there was something in the charge."

"The charge," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "is brought against the noble viscount in his official capacity as Lord Chancellor. It relates to laws which the accused had no share in making, but which he could take a distinguished share in unmaking.

"The Lottery laws, for example, are full of anomalies, while the Lunacy laws, as was shown in a recent case before the Court of Appeal, suggest that some of their clauses were framed by, rather than for, the mentally deficient. While such laws cry for revision, others are in need of attention in the name of common humanity. The accused is the last person who would wish to keep men in jail awaiting trial on a trivial charge of window-breaking, for three and four months; yet this is what happened recently to two Guardsmen, and caused Mr. Justice Horridge to declare that 'No person should be kept in prison until found guilty of the offence alleged against him.' This scandal shows the need of an amendment to the law to facilitate the granting of bail.

"Finally, the Lord Chancellor might turn the performing ass in his care into a more useful and popular animal by reducing the outrageously high prices charged for participating in its performances. At Norwich a short time ago a dispute involving £154 led to costs amounting to £1,000. As a lawyer, I can only say, as Mr. Justice Sankey said, that this sort of thing 'almost makes me ashamed of the law.'"

MR. STRAWSPLITTER, defending, said "that the Lord Chancellor had been in consultation with his unofficial self, and he felt that, as 'keeper of the King's conscience,' he must keep his own conscience perfectly clear. He had therefore decided that his inaction, although legally justifiable, was morally indefensible; and so would throw himself upon the mercy of the Court."

"The attitude of the prisoner is such as I would have expected from a man of his sterling character," said Mr. Justice Bull. "He realises that if ours is to remain a law-abiding nation its citizens should not be saddled with antiquated laws which the majority cannot abide. It is equally certain that costly law makes for lawlessness. Its citizens cannot obtain justice quickly and cheaply, there is a danger that they may seek to take the law into their own hands. The expensive game of K.C.-saw, which many wearers of horsehair delight to play, makes litigation a farce.

"As, however, I think these matters are more likely to be given attention if the prisoner remains on the Woolsack than if he receives another brand of sack, I will merely direct that his editions of Hegel, Nietzsche and Schopenhauer be impounded for six months, so that he may not be tempted to devote to philosophy time which could more profitably be given to the carrying out of long-overdue legal reforms."

Dramas of the Back Streets

by J. A. R. CAIRNS (*the Famous London Magistrate*)

MORE orphans are adopted by the poor than by the rich, says the writer. The poor insist on neighbourliness; they pool their joys and share their sorrows. They construe incidents into terms of their own emotions, and in those relations and settings they do as they would be done by. And romance blossoms in narrow alleys just as it does in the spacious squares of the West End.

Mr. J. A. R. CAIRNS.

THE lives of the poor are beset with many problems and changes. The composure that is the inheritance of those of us who have the certainty of food and raiment is unknown. Any day may bring tragedy, and any night may know despair.

Every movement in the price of commodities like beef and bread and coal reacts at once upon their slender means. Uncertainty and insecurity are their continual environment. Sickness may be a prelude to increasing hardships, and death to the dissolution of a home.

In the quiet by-ways of life perhaps the burthens of the poor press less heavily. There is a sense of neighbourliness and kinship amongst the rich and the poor: and here and there women of refinement find and exercise a gracious ministry amongst their less fortunate neighbours. Here, too, the clergyman can and does exercise a real cure of souls. He is in daily intimate touch with the affairs of the parish, and means can be found to alleviate hardships.

THE poor in the larger cities are less fortunate. A home or an individual is easily lost sight of, and a proud nature can suffer much before there is any discovery of the circumstances.

The environment in which the poor live is drab and cheerless. On a winter's night with driving sleet or rain it is hard to conceive of the back streets of cities as other than an inferno. The yellow lights shining out of public-houses are the only touch of warmth or brightness. Black mud carpets the roadways, and pools of dirty water throw back the reflection of the street lamps.

The houses crowd upon one another. The people are jammed together, hundreds upon hundreds. And around them are the factories, or the docks, or the railways. There is a beauty perhaps in slag heaps, and in long lines of empty trucks and in waiting ships, but they are only seen by the artistically minded.

IN spite of insecurity and the ugliness of their environment, the poor have their joys and dreams that nurture and sustain life. There is no rampant depression or spirit of revolt. They find outlets for their energies both of body and mind, and they know all the satisfactions and delights that others find in more ornate and elaborate surroundings.

Sausages and mashed potatoes can provide the same physical delights as an elaborated menu at the Carlton, and some men prefer a succession of "Guinnesses" in a pewter pot to a magnum of the choicest champagne. And a well-built docker would select an ounce of Irish twist as against a box of cork-tipped cigarettes, to enjoy the fragrance and satisfaction of tobacco.

An East End public-house reveals good fellowship that can be excelled nowhere. It is as intimate as a regimental dinner. And those who prefer more restraint in their good fellowship can find it at the back-street chapel. By a very curious irony of life the public-house and the House of God bring a ministry of fellowship and intimacy to the dwellers in the drab streets.

THE characteristic quality is freedom and frankness. There is little reserve and no hypocrisy. To postpone judgments until they reach the category of considered judgments is regarded as a confession of cowardice, and at times the good fellowship develops or degenerates to a feud in public-house and the House of God.

There is an extraordinary generosity and an absence of suspicion. The people are interested in life and in living. It is worth while spending days and nights in those poorer quarters in order to see this dramatic thing. Every human episode is vivid with interest and appeal.

The personalities of politicians are discussed, though they rank lower than a popular jockey, and the success of a football favourite creates an elation unknown in the winning of a "Double First" at Oxford.

A LAD has joined the Army or gone to sea for the first time. A girl has gone to a factory or to domestic service, or Mrs. Tompkins has got a new roller on the mangle. These are events in a neighbourhood, and they are everybody's concern. These occurrences become dramatic, and a series of streets seeth with excitement.

Mrs. Brown was arrested last night after the party at Mrs. Jones'—"Who would have thought it of her?" Or Mr. Smith was caught "taking stores," or Johnnie Robinson stole tomatoes from a van. There is the setting of an interesting drama. They talk of it in little groups, far into the night, and the morning sees a pilgrimage of neighbours to the police court.

WHEN the prisoner's name is called, and he or she goes into the dock, there is a movement amongst the groups. Every woman is thrilled for Mrs. Brown—she is herself Mrs. Brown. She is herself Mrs. Brown in the dock. It is a demonstration of sympathy and pity and sorrow and shame.

Or if Mrs. Brown has been unneighbourly there is just a momentary touch of glee which is soon tempered with a feeling of regret. All this wealth of emotion, untempered by artificial conventions, or by affected indifference, acts and reacts on all their affairs.

Any attempt at detachment is resented, and many complaints to police magistrates of inflammatory abuse are occasioned by such behaviour. There is a racial pride that is easily offended, and little effort is expended to restrain resentment. The poor insist on neighbourliness; they pool their joys and share their sorrows. And perhaps the most dramatic exhibition of this temper is in the willingness and readiness with which they open their hearts and homes to orphan children whom they have known. It is amazing in its glorious and divine recklessness.

I THINK it could be demonstrated that more orphans are adopted among the poor than among the rich. The poor readily visualise suffering; they construe occurrences into terms of their own emotions, and in these relations and settings they do as they would be done by.

Their moods are as variable as an April day, and they are quick to see the humours and ironies of life. They love dramatic incidents and they find them in plenty. Romance comes early, and it has its own canons of propriety. Introductions are, perhaps, less formal, and what in more exclusive circles might be regarded as rudeness is merely an expression of a very intense regard.

A lad offers a complimentary comment to a girl who has taken his fancy, and she is ready with a saucy repartee. It happens once or twice and that is the basis of the friendship that ripens into love and marriage. By some magic of Nature the lads have learnt all the arts that operate at Oxford, and the girls the science of seductive elusiveness.

IT is a delight to watch Mother Nature weaving her glamours across drab streets and harsh circumstances. Economic laws cannot shatter the elations of youth nor kill the dreams of a lad's heart.

The dreams of drab streets are as illimitable as humanity, and they make a rich contribution to those who express life in literature and art.

Mr. Arnold Bennett in "Riceyman Steps" gives us a glimpse of a world of rare beauty hidden in an environment squalid and unkempt. Elsie is the triumphant woman, the essential sweetness of womanhood. It is true, I think, that the joys of the poor gather about love and human relationships and children. But when all is told, do not the dreams of all of us gather up just there?

Here and there a lad pushes upwards through scholarships to a high status, and in back streets there have been dreams that fructified at Oxford and in professional distinction. Some of those boys who have left behind them the grey environment look back at times and reflect that humanity in its grim fight, in its neighbourliness, in its frankness and warmth of affection, loses none of its beauty in back streets.

And were I a desolate wanderer I should seek comradeship and brotherhood in the area east of Aldgate, where few questions are asked and where there is a great forgiveness.

DRAB STREET is as rich in character and temperament as is any other, and these tell as definitely there as in Church or State.

You find the wise woman to whom the neighbours bring their troubles, and the sympathetic woman who is literally the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

No sick bed need be without its watchers through the long night shadows, and there is always a readiness to lose a night's sleep that others may rest.

There is the spey-wife who can read portents and construe dreams; there is the philosopher who in the experiences of a lifetime has gathered very definite views on woman's ways and matrimony; there is the busybody who goes round from house to house gathering news as assiduously as a miser gathers gold.

In the intimacies that circumstances create it is impossible to camouflage character—mind, heart, and soul are naked. And when friendships become strained, it is not difficult to find raw places on which to place rude hands nor metaphors with which to describe personal limitations.

BUT memories are very short, and old relationships easily established. The unsophisticated have learnt from time to time the folly of intervening in these disputes, for it is not unknown that the combatants have joined forces to punish a stranger who took sides.

If colour, realism, comedy, variation, and adventure make up the joy of life, the poor have an inheritance of joy that is perhaps rather to be chosen than great riches.

J. A. R. Cairns

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Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. Correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered through the post, in cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others. Ten shillings is sent to each of the writers of the letters printed on this page.

Brutal Blackmail

"I WAS deserted, penniless, by my first husband before I was twenty. After waiting ten years without news of him I married again, and have four children. My second husband, a man of some wealth, died intestate a few months ago, and I and the children inherited his property, as next of kin.

"Now a man has appeared who says he was in prison with my first husband in Australia, and that my husband died shortly after his release a year ago, but was, of course, alive at the time of my second marriage.

"This man threatens, unless I pay him a large sum of money and guarantee him a regular allowance, to inform my second husband's relations that they, and not I and my children, are the rightful heirs to his estate, as I was not legally married to my second husband.

"My blackmailer has given me three weeks in which to find the money. My first impulse is to inform the police, in the belief that they do not allow the names in blackmail cases to become public. But if I am mistaken in this, my second husband's mother will certainly take steps to dispossess me and my children.

"What should I do?"

"Humanist" says:—*The blackmailer may also be a liar: he generally is. Try to find out the truth of his story. If it is false you may be all right. In any case, tell him plainly that you will give him in charge if he persists. That will probably put an end to his insolent demand. Why not go to Australia and find out for yourself? If I were you I should not remain where blackmailers could harass me. Morally, at least, the inheritance belongs to you.*

Female Husband

"A FRIEND of mine during the war was engaged to a man who deserted her, leaving her in distress. My friend hit on a new idea, and asked a girl cousin, who had always helped her, to go to a register office, and pass off as her husband. This was agreed and carried out without notice. The cousin, a woman with masculine appearance, dressed up as a man and took her part in the ceremony.

"My friend paid her cousin £10 for it; and later, four months before expected, a child was born (dead). The fact of registering the child, though dead, under an assumed name greatly worried my friend, and a month after the birth she was wanting to confess her action, and she lost her reason for a few months and went into an asylum. Later, the cousin took her out, and she has been under her roof since.

"She is now wanting your advice as to whether she may be pnuished if it is found out about a bogus marriage with her female cousin. They adopted one of their Christian names for the surname. It really hurt no one at all.

"Someone who suspected no marriage wrote to Somerest House and found the name and date—only they do not know that it is a woman who acted as bridegroom. My friend worries over it, as she sticks to the lie of being a widow—her husband being drowned.

"She had an offer of marriage three years ago from an old friend of hers in Canada. She has refused that, as she intends to keep under her cousin's roof and protection. Is there cause for fear of punishment. Can anything be done to her?"

"Humanist" says:—*There is nothing to prevent your friend marrying a Canadian, or anybody else. She has not committed any offence, except that of being party to a false declaration that did nobody any harm. If discovered, she will be punished, but not, I think, severely. Let her get married and forget the incident.*

That One Bad Slip

"SIX years ago, at the innocent age of seventeen, I was a chorus girl in a third-rate revue, and it was while on a provincial tour that I met an Army captain, who one week-end persuaded me to stay at an hotel as his wife. This slip from virtue, so easily made in those times when I had no true friend to advise me, has since caused me much trouble. I now fill an important role in a really good company, and have become engaged to a well-known fellow-actor, whose views on women's morals are very exacting, and who would, I have little doubt, throw me over if he knew of my chorus-day episode.

"My old lover, the army captain, was demobilised soon after our meeting in 1918, and, I have discovered, has returned to his old ways of obtaining a livelihood by living on his wits. Ever since he became a civilian again he has pestered me from time to time by sending unsigned letters suggesting that I should go and live with him as I did before, but he never mentions marriage owing to the fact that he already has a wife.

"Somehow he has lately got to know of my recent engagement, and the knowledge has inflamed his jealousy to such an extent that his last letter, received last week, threatens that he will tell my fiancé of our hotel week-end if I do not fall in with his wishes within the next month. What must I do?"

"Humanist" says:—*Write to the army captain and tell him that if he molests you again you will inform the police. And if he continues, do so. Judges nowadays ask the Press not to give the names of people who prosecute bloodsuckers like the cad you mention.*

The Rum Runners

"OWING to the keen competition of German trawlers in the fishing-grounds off the East Coast, my husband, normally engaged on a British vessel, has been unemployed for several months, and things have gone hard with ourselves and our family of six young children. A fortnight ago, driven to desperation by our plight, he accepted a post offered to him by a captain of a vessel which we know to be carrying on "bootlegging"—or smuggling whisky into the United States.

"The pay is good—£8 a week—and the little which I received in advance before he sailed on his first trip has, indeed, been a blessing to our family of little ones. But the job is, I hear, fraught with great risk, for it may entail capture by the American customs officials and imprisonment for a long term in a Yankee prison. Moreover, the vicar of our parish has been visiting me and urges that it is a reprehensible action to induce citizens of any country to break their own laws.

"Should I entreat my husband to give up this shady business when, his first voyage over, he returns home, or should I let him take the risk which feeds so many hungry mouths?"

"Humanist" says:—*It is a nasty business, trying to defeat the laws made for themselves by a friendly nation, the American people. It is bad international citizenship. But if your husband chooses to take the risk, that is his own affair. It is a question of taste rather than of strict morality. He is not bound by American laws.*

A Mother Unknown

"AFTER being, for a week or two, on friendly terms with a young man with whom I work, he introduced me to his sister—that is, as far as the world thinks.

"I learned that he believes himself to be an adopted child by her mother. Her haunted, worried look helped me to fall in love with her, she being one of the long-suffering women that need a man's care and strength to fight the troubles of life.

"I proposed marriage, and then the trouble came out. When a schoolgirl she was assaulted and betrayed, and these two are mother and son. He is not aware of this fact and in all ways it is 'sister.' My love is stronger for her loyalty to him, but, if I am blessed with children, is he legally the first for consideration, and which is the fairest play to her? To speak out, or respect her sorrow?"

"Humanist" says:—*Of course to respect her suffering. The young man apparently does not want for anything, so his legal position does not arise. If you provide for your wife and children, they are entitled to your property morally, and can be made sure of it legally.*

The Brother Plays.

"My brother—out of work—shares my flat and gives card parties, by which he lives. He does not play straight. Should I put him out?"

No. He is unemployed. Help him to get honest and honourable work. But stop the card parties if he will not undertake to play straight. You are entitled to prevent crook gambling under your roof.

A Stockbroker's Love.

"My fiancé, an insurance broker, persistently urges me to lend him my savings to invest in a gold-mine. I don't understand these things, but he says it is money for nothing."

Perhaps, for him. Why doesn't he invest his own savings in it? I should suspect love that wants to control the finances of the fiancée. The more pressing the demand the worse the security as a rule.

Unpleasant Suspicion.

"I recently assisted a reformed burglar in my home. Since then my house has been burgled—not by him; he was away. But I suspect he has given a hint to his friends as to the lie of the land in my home. The burglar knew his way about."

You can't act on suspicion. Give the reformed burglar, who was away, the benefit of the doubt, and get new locks on your door and insure against burglary.

The Doting Mother.

"My mother, getting old and foolish, will not eject a lodger my brother and I, who support the home—the house is my mother's—do not like. We fear mother will leave him her money."

You can refuse to support the home unless your mother makes it a real home for you. Unless you do, your mother may not appreciate the real force of your objection. Let me know if this is effective before I recommend the drastic and dubious step of legal proceedings.

Paying the Price.

"Underpaid and overworked, I took money from my firm. Nobody knows but they and I. They will not prosecute, on my promise to repay. I cannot get a job without a reference: they will not keep me on. What can I do?"

The way of the transgressor is hard—in your case it might have been harder. Keep trying for work. In a similar case a man became a navvy, is now a big contractor, and paid back the money he took. I am writing him on your behalf.

A Mother's Anxieties.

"I am a widow, and my eldest daughter is accepting presents from, and going to dances with, a married man. My youngest daughter, hard-working and good, is being pressed by her sister to go to dances and excursions with a class of men I dislike and dread. How can I stop it?"

Have you no male relative to help you? It would be so much easier for a man to ward off the dangers of which you speak. He could interview this married man and tell him plainly that his conduct is objectionable. He might listen, where now he does not apparently pay any attention to you.

Turned into the Street.

"My father, a widower, has just married again and his wife, a woman of my own age, will not have me in the home. Father allows me ten shillings a week to keep away and says that I must now provide for myself. I am determined to go straight. What do you think of my step-mother?"

She has turned you into the street to sink or swim—an abominable thing to do—exposing you to the dangers that beset a young, unprotected and practically penniless girl. Your father is not less to blame. You have not sent me your address. Please do so. There are people who will help to protect you in your brave struggle.

Words Winged to Women

Joys of Motherhood

by NORAH MARCH, B.Sc.

EVERY baby's death means not only that a baby has suffered, but that a woman has borne all the anxiety, discomfort and often pain of expectant motherhood and of child-birth to no purpose, for the after-joy of motherhood is denied her. In its stead comes sorrow.

In the early years of this century health visitors began to be appointed, and the first infant welfare centre was opened. As health visitors and infant welfare centres increased in numbers so did their service to infant life become evident; year by year fewer babies died, until last year the death-rate of infants was the lowest ever recorded.

The majority of infant deaths occur during the first month of life. They are due chiefly to conditions which had affected the mother before the child was born and the child during birth itself.

The next heaviest toll of infant life is reaped by bronchitis and pneumonia. Summer diarrhœa, tuberculosis, measles, whooping-cough and influenza are other great foes of the baby—foes, however, we are steadily learning to vanquish. These being infectious diseases, theoretically are *preventable*. Why do we permit such things to happen?

Then again, the children of unmarried mothers, because of the many difficulties which surround both mother and baby, die at double the rate of legitimate infants.

THE secret lies with the mother. Proper care of the mother herself during the months when she is bearing the child will save many otherwise doomed babies. She needs the right kind of nourishment, sufficient exercise, plenty of fresh air, ease of mind, and medical supervision to be sure that all is going well with her and her child. She must have proper care during the crisis of child-birth itself, a trained midwife or a properly qualified doctor to look after her.

Many homes at present are too small for the family as it is, and are quite inadequate and unsuitable for an event like child-birth. Many an expectant mother would like to go to a maternity home, but is torn with anxiety about the family she leaves. There should be someone whom she can trust to carry on the home-life as she would like it to be.

The maternity benefit which is available for the insured mother workers and for the wives of insured men is some help, but it is not enough to meet all the expenses that arise.

THERE are many pitfalls for the mother of a new baby. Motherhood itself does not, in human life, as it does in animal life, endow the mother with a knowledge of how to rear her baby safely through all the difficulties which surround her.

At the infant welfare centre a mother learns the true gospel: feed baby by the clock: no feeds during the night: fresh air for baby night and day: breast-feeding gives baby the best chance of life and health: proper clothing for baby gives free play for its muscles to develop: sunlight is one of baby's best friends.

But there are other foes than maternal ignorance to fight. We must have houses fit for babies to live in and air clean and pure. We must have mothers free from the anxieties of poverty.

We must have fathers who understand what motherhood involves for a woman in the way of bodily and mental strain, both before and after her baby is born, so that they will make the mother's lot easy. Health is purchasable: it costs money to save the lives of babies. But it is money well worth spending, and it is not so very much per head of the population after all.

The total of what we spent as a nation last year out of rates and taxes, on measures for saving the lives of little children, cost each one of us little more than, if, indeed, as much as, one visit to the pictures—a very small levy after all in favour of the babies!

Spoiling for a Fight

WE all know the type of man who thrusts himself into an argument with this kind of remark: "Oh, no, you're all wrong. It didn't happen in 1896—it was in 1897. I can remember it distinctly."

And we know the catty woman who protests: "Really, my dear, I hate to contradict you, but I'm sure it should be gaberdine, *not* crêpe de Chine."

You can't do much with these people. They *know!* They wave away your interruptions and smile in their superior way. You'd simply love to show them they were wrong, but usually it's only your word against theirs.

All arguments abound with such points—and such bores. In the club, on the bowling-green of a summer night, in the saloon bar, at home, at the cricket match, everywhere, in fact—you come up against arguments and discussions.

The worst of the thing is that they are usually left "in the air." Nobody is satisfied; nobody is proved right, and nobody wrong.

Why not settle all these things through JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service? We're so happy disposing of people's problems in Finance, Love, Business, Law, Sport, Ex-Service, Domestic, Pensions, Wireless, etc., that we'd enjoy tackling your argument worries in our spare time.

IN addition to our other experts each specialising in a particular subject, we've taken on to the staff a fellow who wears horn-rimmed glasses and thinks he knows everything. We think so, too. See what you think?

JOHN BULL'S Advice Service is FREE. All we ask is that you enclose a stamped addressed envelope for our reply through the post. We answer questions on everything under the sun.

Get rid of those bores who are spoiling for a fight! Show them our reply to the argument, and make 'em feel small!

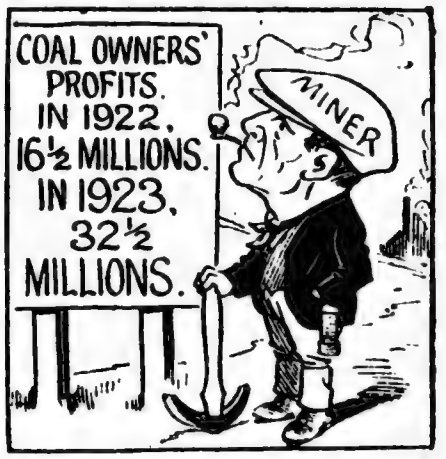
JOHN BULL CARTOONETTES

and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

Perched on the snail he's on the trail,
And, by the pace he's set there,
One rather fears it may be years
Before he'll ever get there.

Such selfishness we must confess
Our indignation rouses,
While that remains no plans or pains
Will ever get the houses.



When miners read these proofs of greed
No wonder there's unrest,
For figures show how profits grow
Tho' trade is "so depressed."

To organise for War was wise,
We conquered by contriving,
If when Peace came we'd done the same
The land would now be thriving.

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Is the Ring Getting

The First Half of the Season has ended in Heavy

IF Soldumeno had won I should have thought about going out of the business, said a prominent layer to me after Manchester.

He may not have meant it, but so far the Ring has had a very bad season, and has to admit it. With the exception of the Grand National, the Hunt Cup, and the City and Suburban, the layers have paid out over every race in which there has been any ante-post betting, and I doubt if the winnings over the City amounted to much.

After Sir Gallahad, Sansovino.

The Ring, in fact, had not recovered from the Lincolnshire victory of Sir Gallahad III. when Sansovino gave it another heavy jolt. Between these two heavy betting events some of the stables, who are not afraid to put their money down when they consider they have something to bet about, had more than one good settling day, and most of the Derby books were so bad for the men that made them that there would have been pretty heavy losses if other horses and not Sansovino had won.

But the latter was the worst for he came into the market at 25's, and was backed at every figure between these odds and the S.P. of 9 to 2. Fifty per cent. of the Derby bets made on the day of the race, and on the two days preceding it, concerned Sansovino, and it is certain that not for a long time have the layers stood to lose as much over one race as they did.

Ascot is Often a God-send.

Ascot is often a god-send to the layers, but I know that many of them went there last week with the uncomfortable feeling of a steeplechase jockey who goes up to the last fence on a tired horse.

Dinkie was a bolt from the blue for them, and Massine, the French outsider for the Gold Cup, was another. They needed these turn-ups badly.

Scullion was particularly well-backed to win the Ascot Stakes, and the returned price of 10 to 1 was a terrible blow to the S.P. merchants. Hogg's horse was expected to start a 4 to 1 favourite.

Ascot has certainly resulted in gains for the layers, but it has not recouped them for their big losses.

I do not say that the Ring cannot weather many more storms or that there is any existing financial instability, but the autumn campaign will have to be one-sided if the majority of the bookmakers are to finish the season as well off as when it commenced.

Punters are Cute Nowadays.

A turn for the punters is as it should be, but I should say that the general body of men and women who back horses to-day are betting with more perspicacity than in any other period. A rather wide knowledge of the inside of the Turf extends well beyond the so-called talent, and the S.P. layers do not now get all sorts of horses backed in one race as they used to experience. There are very few people now who back "their fancy"; they have been taught the value of looking for something more material.

Outsiders Often Jobs.

With few horses backed there is, of course, a big profit for the layer when an outsider wins, but these have not been coming up with their old-time frequency, and some of those have subsequently been found to be medium "jobs."

There always will be bookmakers. The duel between them and punters will go on so long as there is racing, but laying the odds is not the lucrative business it used to be. There are all the outward and familiar signs of affluence, but I have heard of more than one case lately of a successful punter being requested to await settlement of comparatively small sums.

These will, of course, be paid, but this only goes to show that the Ring recently has had about its worst post-war experience.

The Newbury Cup.

I said last week that I thought the Newbury Cup was a good thing for Rugeley. I am not so sure about it now that Keror has found his best form. I do not say he should have beaten Scullion in the Ascot Stakes; in fact plenty of use was made of him, seeing he had nine stone on his back, but his gallop was a good advertisement for his Newbury chances.

THIS WEEK'S SELECTIONS.
Newbury, Wednesday.
ANITRA'S DANCE, BLACK FRIAR.
Newbury, Thursday.
RUGELEY, IRISH EAGLE.
Newcastle, Wednesday.
CRUSH, KWANNON.
Newcastle, Thursday.
GALLOPING SLAV, THE HABERDASHER.
Sandown, Friday.
TANIT, JANSAN,
Sandown, Saturday.
PORTLIGHT, EVENSONG.

Ascot Failures at Sandown Park.

Some of the Ascot Stakes failures will be out at Sandown this week-end in the June Rose Handicap. Keror, of course, might miss Newbury for this race, although I shall expect to see him run at the Berkshire meeting. If there were any justification for the way in which London Cry was backed last week—and I saw none in the disappointing performance of the King's colt—then he will have to be considered, but I shall look to Scapino to beat him if the latter has not been sent for the Northumberland Plate. Miwani is about as consistent as any of our stayers, but he is one of those unlucky animals who get beaten by something or other although his turn ought to come along.

Light Dragoon Should Win.

I doubt if Waygood can get nearly fourteen furlongs even on an easy course like Sandown, otherwise there is nothing the matter with the weight he has been given.

Taylor has three others besides Scapino engaged, and I think Becka pretty sure to win a race soon, but Puttenden is a funny sort of horse, and East Tor is no marvel when he has more than a mile and a half to cover.

But Light Dragoon is my choice this time. He has not been let off by the handicapper, but he ran a good horse at Ascot and he has always shown his best form over the Esher track.

Lord Derby's French Stable.

I do not suppose many people are aware that Lord Derby, like the Aga Khan, has a racing stable in France.

He does not meet with the same amount of success over the water as the Eastern Prince, but this year there was an outside chance that he would create a unique record by winning both the Derbies. Unfortunately his entry did not come up to the scratch.

Horses for the French Derby are only eligible if bred in France. Our big race is open to all-comers.

A Word of Warning.

If you are in the habit of registering bets to Scotland, it is advisable to study your turf accountant's rules regarding registered letter commissions.

Every week I receive numerous complaints from JOHN BULL readers who state that they have registered a bet to so-and-so and that he refuses to pay on the grounds that the letter is not time marked.

Turf accountants who do the ready-money business state definitely that registered letters must be sent overnight, or if sent on the day of racing, they must be time marked a certain period before the race concerned.

Registered letters seldom are time marked, so the layer is on a good thing. It is another example of "heads I win, tails you lose," unless, of course, you have carried out his instructions and sent your letter overnight.

You may send a dozen losing bets and naturally, you hear nothing more. If one comes off you are lucky if you see your winnings.

Most of the big Scottish layers give you a square deal, but there are a number on my black-list who do not.

A Stockbridge Winner.

Mr. H. S. "Atty" Persse, the Stockbridge trainer of The Tetrarch, has produced his first novel—a racing love-story—which is published this week by Mills and Boon (7s. 6d.). It looks to be the best winner that has been turned out by the Stockbridge trainer since The Tetrarch.

Cecil's Circular.

I have in my possession two circulars despatched to prospective clients by Cecil McEwen, Professional Backer, 198, Wardour Street, W.

They are word for word with one exception. McEwen claims to have made hosts of friends by sending out Dundonald—a 7 to 2 winner at Manchester. Having got this off his chest he goes on:—"Now I am determined to do you a good turn, my partner and I are having a real gamble on the Manchester Cup on Friday, and if you want to make enough to take yourself to the seaside for a jolly good holiday, at the expense of your bookmaker, you must plunge on Hurry Off."

Circular number two is identical with number one, only it states, "You must plunge on Baton Rouge."

As Cecil requests the odds to 10s., it is pretty evident that he tips practically every horse in the race. Some lucky individuals must get the winner, and return him a nice little sum.

Cecil claims that he is a sportsman. I am sorry I cannot agree with him.

Sea-water is Good for Horses.

Pinemarten's victory at Wolverhampton was another big advertisement to Dale's remarkable sea-water cures of infirm horses. Before going to Dale Pinemarten was so bad on his "pins" that it was suggested he be destroyed.

I said that the horse would win soon, and he did so at the first time of asking.

Should Stables Declare?

The Manchester Cup result, Chosroes first, 20 to 1, Puttenden third, 20 to 1, with fancied horses from both stables, although in different ownership, nowhere, came as an unpleasant surprise for punters.

I think it will be a good move when stables have to declare. Failing this, the French method should be adopted, and in the event of either horse from one stable winning the backers of the stable should be on.

I have been asked why owners ever take the trouble to declare if it is not necessary. Declarations are made simply to show intent.

The jockey riding the unfancied horse wears a distinguishing cap and only endeavours to win if his stable companion is unable to do so.

Shaky?

Losses to the Layers

If both horses are clear of the field nearing the winning post the jockey wearing the distinguishing cap must let the declared horse win. Otherwise the stewards will ask a few pertinent questions. I remember seeing a race of this description a few years ago. If I remember rightly, the horses concerned were Sicyon and Pondoland and Mr. Joel had declared to win with the former.

Nearing the winning post Pondoland was winning and could have captured the race easily. Carslake was riding and he turned round in his saddle to look for Sicyon. Fortunately, Sicyon was near at hand, so everything was quite all right.

Tom Pinch—Archibald Up.

I was glad to see Archibald again riding the Beckhampton horses. There have been rumours that his dispossession of the Derby mount on Tom Pinch had led to an estrangement between him and the stable. It would be funny were Archibald to ride Tom Pinch to victory in the St. Leger. He rode the Derby disgrace very well on the opening day at Ascot, and evidently understands this temperamental brute as well as Steve, Beasley or any other jockey.

HORSES TO FOLLOW.

Sheenette.—This youngster was backed down to 5 to 2 in a very large field at Folkestone and was, unfortunately, left at the post. Stevens, who trains the colt, is a past-master at placing his horses to win. He will recover the stable losses over this one before long.

The Haberdasher.—Won the Salford Borough Handicap by a short head, but would have been an easy winner if the race had been a five-furlong event instead of six. Remember The Haberdasher's best distance as he is very speedy.

Alignment.—Harper trains this daughter of Tracery and she is a certain winner, probably next time out. She lost lengths in the early stages of the Dover Mid-Weight Handicap or she must have beaten Riverine and Bossover.

Gyroscope.—Gave away tons of weight all round at Manchester and ran splendidly to finish second to Dandy Desmond. Will win a mile event soon.

Serenade.—It will be as well to remember that Wootton bought this youngster after she won at Folkestone. I suggest that she is backed the first time she runs for her new stable.

Flying Simon.—Was hampered when finishing second to Grenoble in a field of twenty.

Shambles.—I coded this three-year-old for the first event at Ascot. He would have won, instead of finishing second, if he had had a man on his back. Young Orme was not strong enough to handle the beast. Make a note of Shambles for a welter race.

Marvex.—This son of White Magic is going to win a mile and half handicap before long. He is in a small stable and, consequently, a good price will be obtainable. Back Marvex each way whenever he runs.

Elsie Maynard.—Now that this daughter of the Boss has found her form she will go on winning. She is very fast from the gate.

Norseman.—I thought that Donoghue's mount was unlucky to be beaten by Haine for the Bessborough Stakes. He was literally caught on the post. Norseman will win a mile and a half handicap.

Audiem.—I saw this three-year-old beaten at Hurst by Frater over a mile and two furlongs. I marked him down as a winner soon, but did not give him credit for staying two miles. Evidently he possesses the stamina of his sire, Bachelor's Double. Only back him in events of a mile and a half and over.

Miss Meadows.—Ran very well in the Ascot Stakes. She will win shortly, probably at a nice price.

Runnymede.—The King's horse finished fourth, in the Coventry Stakes and was running on at the finish of the race. Runnymede is a Hurry On colt and should be noted for a six-furlong event.

Parmenio.—I said in my notes after the Derby that Parmenio should be followed consistently for the rest of the season. Consequently I was pleased to see him win the Waterford Stakes at Ascot. He will go on improving.

Foliac.—Jack Jarvis paid one thousand guineas for this Leicester three-year-old after he had won at Kempton. The colt was concerned in the scrimmage on the last day at Ascot and did well to finish second to Shippon. He should be followed.

PADDOCK PARS.

I have yet to find the man who backed Dinkie for big money for the Royal Hunt Cup. Several of the dailies which give the form for the race did not even mention the 50 to 1 winner.

* * *

Although the Chesham Two-Year-Old Stakes at Ascot was worth five hundred pounds, only four horses out of the entry of one hundred and thirty faced the starter.

* * *

Dumas was scratched for the Manchester Cup owing to the fact that he split a pastern when galloping with Brisi and Scullion. Dumas was one of the triple-dead-heaters with Dinkie at Windsor last September.

* * *

Steve Donoghue does not say much about his reported intention to retire at the end of the season. I think we shall see Steve in the saddle for several years to come.

* * *

Diomedes, the best two-year-old seen out before and after Ascot, will not run again before the July Newmarket meeting.

* * *

The starting price of Scullion for the Ascot Stakes—10 to 1—gave most of the S.P. offices a frightful jolt below the belt. One layer told me shortly after the race that book-making wasn't worth the candle. He changed his tune after the Hunt Cup.

* * *

Invermark, who won at Manchester, did the five furlongs in 59 4-5 seconds. Punters who like to back fast timers should bear this in mind.

"SILVER RING."

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE.

Two Coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life, Sheffield Early Bird, Glasgow Daily Record, Glasgow Noon Record, Sporting Man, Birmingham Sporting Buff, Sporting Pink, Portsmouth Sporting Mail, Liverpool E. Express, Liverpool Sports Express, Mid-day Sporting Special, Newcastle Chronicle and Mail, South Wales Daily News, Bristol Times and Mirror, Cork Examiner, Aberdeen Sporting Express, Western Mail, Yorkshire Daily Post, Irish Independent, The Irish News, Sporting Chronicle and Chronicle Midday (Manchester).

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How to read the code:—In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line, as the case may be.

SKVWBINZ would read PARMENIO.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from June 25 to July 1, inclusive.

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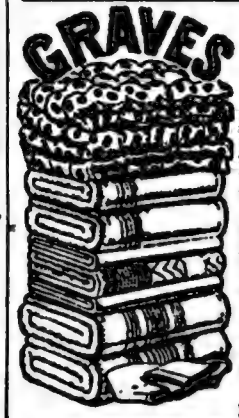

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COMPANY MEETING.

CHANNEL TUNNEL CO.

INCREASED PUBLIC INTEREST.

Baron Emile B. d'Erlanger, presiding at the meeting of the Channel Tunnel Company, Limited, held on the 17th inst., said that the board considered the Channel Tunnel was an engineering project worthy of their times; it would cement friendship with France, confer inestimable benefits upon the communities of both countries, provide work for thousands of men for many years, and foster trade between England, France, and the whole of the European Continent. There had been of late a revival of interest in the scheme which had sprung up quite spontaneously and had not been fomented in any way by the company. That movement had issued from the House of Commons itself, and the Prime Minister had made a statement in the House that he was ready to receive a deputation of the Committee of the House of Commons that was supporting the scheme.

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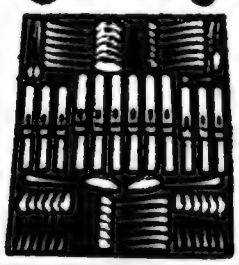

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Lovers in the Parks

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M.P.s and the Homeless.

The Minister of Health would do well to digest your outspoken article, "Lovers in the Street," on the scandal of the housing shortage. As your contributor points out, it is those about to be married who are the worst sufferers in this respect, and they are forced into the streets and public parks while M.P.s haggle over Party politics. Is not it possible for our Government—regardless of Party—to join wholeheartedly with Mr. Wheatley and endeavour to do something to alleviate this grave menace which threatens our future citizens?—*H., Kent.*

Youth Still Sound.

Surely your contributor exaggerates the moral danger resulting from the shortage of houses? The youths of this country have greater powers of resistance than he gives them credit for, and his remarks are an indirect insult to our girlhood. Granted that the *potential* dangers of the situation are great, I believe he has let his imagination run away with him. Our young people are still sound—despite the trade unions.—*J. G. P., Folkestone.*

Street Passion.

"Lovers in the Street," by "A Gentleman with a Duster," is yet another typical example of the dire need for houses. Present-day lovers, with few exceptions, are confronted with street and by-lane loving, with no prospect of love in a home of their own. What right have the Building Operatives' Union to say who shall be bricklayers, plumbers, etc? Let the Government step in on this union and help to give us young people the chance and pleasure of our predecessors in choosing our own house.—*T. M., Middlesbrough.*

Menace to Morals.

At last attention has been drawn to the real moral danger of the house shortage. The price question has been the only one stressed hitherto, but you have done well to bring up the subject of morals. When young lovers cannot get a house of their own something is bound to happen. Here is a real danger to the community. The disgraceful sex scenes in parks and streets are a natural result. Isn't there a Health Minister to tackle this problem—or is he another Labour incompetent?—*Trevor Dean, Scarborough.*

Ex-Soldiers Not Wanted.

The article by a "Gentleman with a Duster," will make the building trades realise their responsibilities towards others. After serving five years in France, I was trained as a bricklayer under the Government scheme, and reckon myself as good as hundreds of bricklayers I have seen working. I have walked miles trying to get a start. At one place in Hampshire I did get a start, but as soon as it became known I was a "trainee," the men threatened to down tools. I was sacked. I am drawing the dole—*through them!*—*T. J. S., West Bromwich.*

Blameless Builders!

The attack by "A Gentleman with a Duster" on the building operatives, besides being uncalled for, is extremely ill-informed. The building trades are no more responsible for the activity in luxury building than they are to blame for the admitted delay in providing houses for which everyone is clamouring. The failure to provide houses for the people lies elsewhere, and your correspondent is not so ignorant of this fact as he is anxious to have us believe. To suggest dilution to the building trades when thousands of their skilled members are unemployed is stupid, but to charge them with tyranny because they decline to adopt it is too funny for words.—*James White, Motherwell.*

Rings and Unions.

Your contributor rightly points out that the housing shortage is responsible for a lamentable degeneration of character. But to suggest that the "selfishness" of the builders' operatives is the main cause of the shortage is taking a narrow view of the problem. There are many other contributory causes, notably the activities of the "rings." It should not be beyond the ability of the Government to introduce a Housing Bill which would overcome the "selfishness" of operatives and rings.—*T. L. Jones, Lampeter.*

Root Cause of Disease.

One reads of "Sterilisation," "Birth Control" and "Health Before Love," etc., as means to produce a healthy nation. But of what use are these means of prevention if the main cause of disease is not removed first? The filthy hovels and overcrowding are enough to send any young married couple into an unfit state of health, apart from the poor children that follow. Let us have more space and dwellings for the working class.—*E. G. M., Leith.*

Help for Unemployed.

Is it not possible for the P.M.G. to arrange that applications for situations can be sent through the post at the same charge as printed matter, *i.e.*, at the same charge as applies to the circulars, etc., that are sent through the post? The applications could be sent unsealed, and the P.M.G. could charge treble excess postage in cases of infringement.—*P. L. L.*

The Law—and Mothers.

The existing law which gives the male sole control of his offspring, is an injustice. In these modern days woman should be recognised as man's equal. She has borne her child, therefore has equal, if not prior, claim to it. It is the *character* of the husband or wife that should ultimately decide the fate of the child. If it is merely a question of misunderstandings, and not of morals involved, the claim of both parents should be co-equal.—*T. McCrohon.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"HOME MIRROR":—"Her slender form was sheathed in a frock of white crêpe de Chine, weighed down at the HEM by heavy silk till it stood out stiffly ROUND HER HEAD."

"WOMAN'S WEEKLY":—"She put up her ELBOW and PRESSED IT HARD AGAINST HER FACE to shut him out."

"EVENING EXPRESS" (Cardiff):—"Then Walker's head was seen, and shortly after his NOSE shot up out of the water, KICKING VIOLENTLY, and sank again."

"SEXTON BLAKE LIBRARY":—"He would have looked a worthy enough citizen of London had it not been for his QUICK-SHIFTING EYES, which NEVER CEASED TO KEEP STILL."

"BLUE MAGAZINE":—"He SAT DOWN in the big chair, and he KNELT UP BETWEEN HIS KNEES."

"TIMES OF INDIA":—"The hair must be attended to. SHAVE the scalp and POUR BOILING WATER over it."

Women and Work.

I was interested in the article "Should Women Work?" I think in most cases it is Hobson's choice. I myself have to work, for after paying for rooms, coal, gas, and insurances, I have £1 left to keep my husband and self. If my husband had a better wage I should not work from morning till night as I do now, for there is always work to be done before and after my business hours. Let each woman decide for herself. She alone knows her own circumstances.—"*Hobson's Choice.*"

Safety First.

There are a lot of rules for "Safety First," but would not many accidents be averted if trams were altogether done away with? There are many cases of 'buses skidding on tram-lines when passengers have been seriously injured. Trams are not a paying proposition: it is not, therefore, possible to pay the employees reasonable wages. In my opinion, it would be infinitely better to scrap the trams, and run extra 'buses on the routes served by the tramways.—*W. S., London.*

Manhood's Delusion.

Your question "Has civilisation failed?" is most opportune. The bulk of the evidence goes to prove that it has. How many of your readers feel impelled to echo the cry of "A. B."? Has Europe any appreciable benefit to show for all the agony and degradation to which it submitted itself from 1914 to 1918, and which most of us believed would ensure its salvation? We were deluded. We realise now that evil can only beget evil. Let us take our stand on this great truth, and then we shall truly progress.—*W. P.*

Dangers of Beauty.

Apropos your article on "Beauty-competition Dangers," it may be asked what good these competitions do. In many cases young girls thus featured become vain and unsettled at home. Having had their photographs inserted in the Press they assume airs and generally make themselves objectionable. On the other hand, some really nice modest girls, who have sent in their photos "for the fun of the thing," have had cause to regret their action, as it has been the innocent means of calling attention to themselves in the streets and public places.—*Mrs. X.*

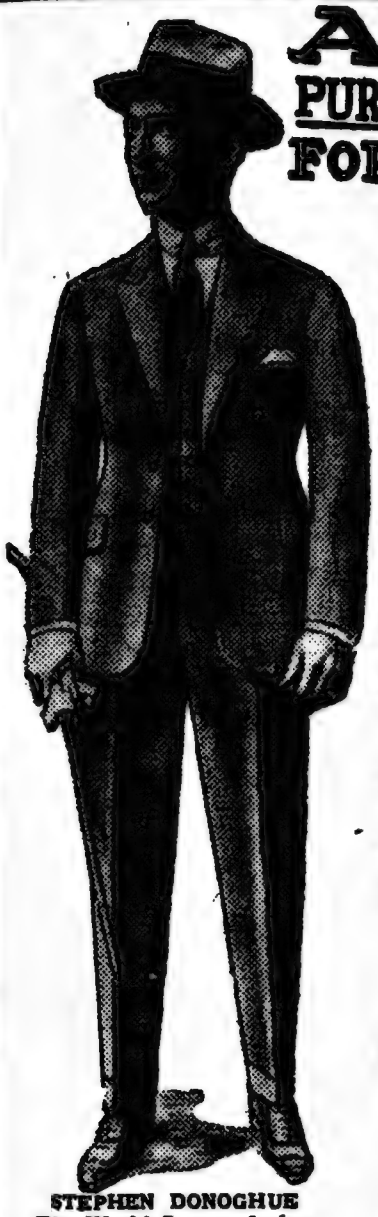
Brutes who Birch.

I heartedly endorse your article upon birching. As a boy in the Navy I witnessed almost daily boys triced to the main-bits, flogged by lusty ship's corporals before officers and two hundred shivering comrades. My own turn came, for a trivial offence, and disgusted me. Result: at eighteen I deserted and went to Canada. When war broke out I joined the Army in Canada and went to France. Commissioned in '15. Demobilised in 1920, with an excellent report. Had it not been for those sickening memories, I should have served the Navy I loved.—H.M.S. *Impregnable.*

Poisoned Food.

Your trenchant article on the above is fully justified and extremely well-informed. The administration of the 1875 Act is in many cases perfunctorily carried out, being treated by local authorities as a side line, and in no case within my extensive knowledge does the subject of the people's food receive the attention it deserves. Many Government departments might with advantage be scrapped, and more live food inspectors be appointed with increased powers. The present-day system of food-factory inspection requires immediate revision and speeding up.—"*Reformer,*" *Southport*

A £5-5-0 PURE WOOL TWEED SUIT FOR £2-0-0



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A COMBINED OVERCOAT & STORMCOAT,
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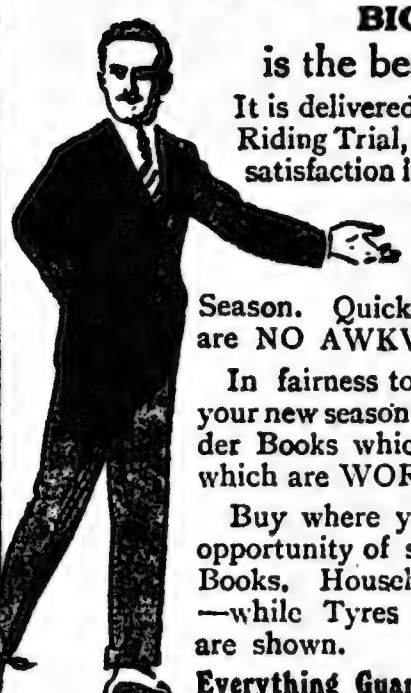

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WERE it possible to ensure that every one who suffers from some ailment, be it ever so trivial, was given 'Yadil' at the very first symptoms of disease, we should save far more than one hundred thousand lives a year.

MY antiseptic makes possible for the first time in the history of man, the complete disinfection of the human body without risk of injury to the most delicate internal organs.

THE action of 'Yadil' is very simple. It removes, within the body, or in wounds and sores, the very cause of the trouble that one suffers from. It makes no mistake in diagnosis, and does its work with accuracy, whether it be given at the first sign of consumption, pneumonia, bronchitis, congestion of the lungs, chill or cold, measles, influenza, scarlet fever, diphtheria, whooping-cough, puerperal fever, diarrhœa, enteritis, malaria, or used for erysipelas, gangrene, blood poisoning, ulcerated legs, or what not. It seldom fails.

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FOR the sake of your health and that of those who are near and dear to you, order to-day from your chemist a supply of 'Yadil' and a copy of THE YADIL BOOK. With these ready at hand, you will be able to keep disease and premature death from your home.

Alex Clement

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DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO YOUR DOOR

Motoring for the Million

Every Man a Rover!

by MOTOMAC

MANY motorists owe their introduction to the pastime to the Rover Co. The little air-cooled eight did much in the days just after the war to make motoring possible for the million.

In doing so, it proved the efficacy of air-cooling, but for those who like to feel that they are in all things orthodox, the new nine model will be welcome.

In appearance, the radiator is the chief difference, and the fact of it being there must be taken as an admission that water-cooling has its advantages. The main difference, of course, is under the bonnet, where a 4-cylinder power unit and overhead valves can be depended upon if need be, to develop some twenty h.p.

Petrol consumption, with ordinary running, is about forty-five miles to the gallon, and oil about 1,000 miles to the gallon. A good-sized four-seater is turned out at £180; self-starter £12 extra.

The record of the makers is in itself sufficient guarantee that this little car will do its job thoroughly, but it has not been offered to the public before undergoing the most severe testing. It is a 'bus that will bear recommending.

MANY people are complaining about the callous way in which drivers of commercial vehicles especially treat the little man in the small car.

Between Charing and Chilam on Sunday, about ten o'clock, I overtook a yellow charabanc, behind it a small car, whose driver was trying to get past. Drawing up, I added my noise to his, but the big fellow in front kept gaily in the middle of the road. It lasted for a mile when my fellow motorist in front waved me on, shouting that he could not get a chance to pass. I undertook the job, and after another half mile, at a little widening of the road I squeezed past.

For the benefit of the driver, I want to say that only the fact that I had an important appointment in Dover prevented me from keeping in touch with him until I found a policeman to take a charge against him for *wilful obstruction*. I am, of course, glad to say that this type is the exception, and not the rule, and I hope the next time I meet one that there will be a little time to spare just to convince such that the King's Highway was not built for one man.

The new price of The Overland comes as a little surprise. A car, mainly built in the Empire, and which provides as standard every useful accessory and convenience that the heart of a motorist may desire was marvellously cheap at the old price.

For the family-man who requires a little extra seating accommodation than the majority of British small cars provide it is just ideal. He should certainly think of adding The Overland to his stock of Worldly wealth before the Holiday season comes along. The half year's tax will be saved on rail fares alone by taking The Overland Transport to the Coast.

For particulars of new cars and accessories fill in details and address to "Motomac," "John Bull," 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.

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Information desired.....

Overland

ANTICIPATING the removal of Import Duties, we have decided to give the public the immediate benefit of Reduced Prices.

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NEW PRICES

5-Seater De-Luxe	£285
Standard Tourer	£210
Willys Knight 5/6 Seater, English Touring Body (Sleeve Valve Engine)	£445

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Full particulars can be obtained Direct or from your local Dealer.

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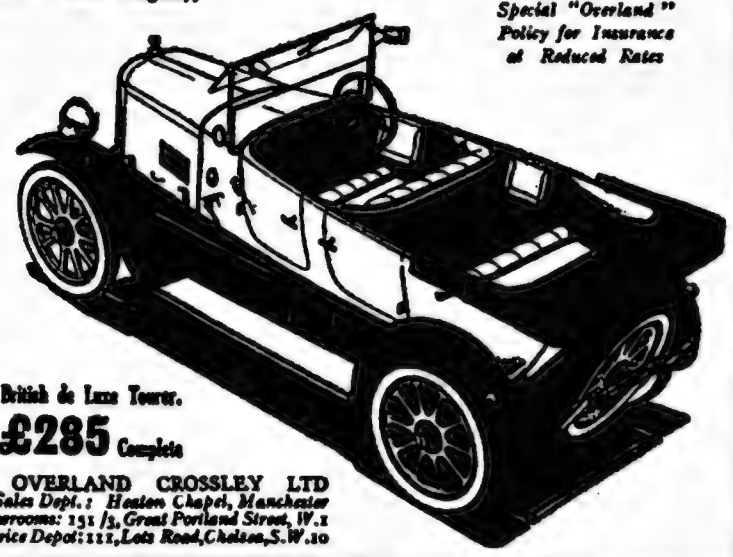

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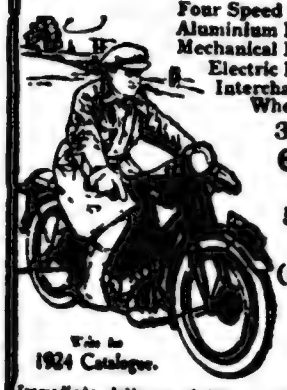

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Four Speed Gear Box.
Aluminium Piston.
Mechanical Lubrication.
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Interchangeable Wheels.

350 c.c.
60 gns.
(£63)
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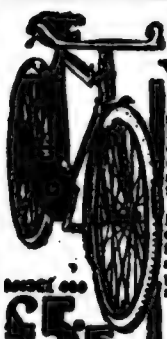

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Select one £5 5s. CASH

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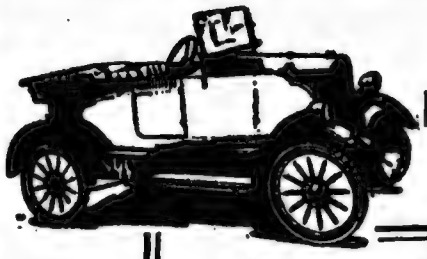
Cycle Company (Dept. B667), Birmingham.

Trojan



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The SOLIDS admit of no tyre trouble, while the WONDER-SPRINGS ensure a degree of comfort obtainable only on other cars by the use of pneumatics. The ingeniously simple engine, like the "Trojan," leaves nothing to go wrong.

Price £157 10s. complete.

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A GOLD MEDAL, A SILVER MEDAL and the AUTOCAR CUP awarded to the solid tyred Trojan entered, which had previously performed an aggregate of 27,000 miles Road Service.

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You need Gre-Solvent to clean your bath, linoleum, paint and woodwork, enamelled ware and greasy stew pans. Gre-Solvent needs no heavy scrubbing, it is pleasant to use and far more effective than soap and boiling water.

"Known the world over as the Instant Hand Cleaner."

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MILES AHEAD OF SOAP

John Bull's Letter Bag

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious, and he wants you to see it in this light. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note and take his leave with a smile. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service. *See page 21.*

A. N (Harrogate).—"There's only one thing necessary in housing." Houses?

P. L. (Southsea).—"My fiancee is just as pretty as can be." Most girls are.

D. B. (Colne).—"It is hard for a fool to stop being a fool." True; but keep on trying.

M. B. (Skipton).—"I don't suppose you would lend me a fiver?" How on earth did you guess?

R. C. (Bedminster).—"To settle an argument, what does LXXX mean?" Love and kisses.

D. A. S. (Swindon).—"Is there Prohibition in India?" No; there is always a certain amount of ferment there.

B. J. (Forest Gate).—"The Knights of Old had their lances." And the nights of to-day, their clubs.

L. P. (Brighton).—"I always like a fellow who's trying." While trying people are just the sort we loathe.

A. T. (Bognor).—"Women are not good listeners." Naturally: they get so little time for practice.

H. G. (Winchester).—"There was such a noise I couldn't hear myself speak." Don't suppose you missed anything.

D. S. (Keighley).—"So you see I should like an appointment with you." Sorry, all we can offer you is a disappointment.

S. E. (Small Gains).—"Caravanning is the ideal lazy holiday." And yet it's always a simple matter to get a move on.

C. R.W. (Ashford).—"I scored seventy-six, two more than the total scored by the other side." Then you won off your own bat.

C. E. (Warnham).—"I don't think music-halls should have two houses a night." How could Scotsmen see the jokes otherwise?

D. P. (Bentham).—"It behoves us all to be thankful for our lot these days." The only trouble with many of us is that we haven't got a lot.

T. T. (Shoreham).—"As a boy I wanted to be a pirate, but alas! I am only a butcher." You're lucky: it isn't everyone who realises his ambition.

R. C. T. (Letchworth).—"You would find my opinion of this Government unprintable." Just as we find most of your screed unreadable.

J T. R. (Pewsey).—"Many a husband looks upon his wife as a big prize." Yet there are many who don't even regard them as a consolation.

B. W. (Tomain).—"The law should forbid the folding of Treasury notes." It is the only way some people have of doubling their income.

P. P. T. (Temple Meads).—"The British Army can turn out a fine body of men." That's just it—and when they turn them out there's no work for them.

D. D. (Chelsea).—"I had an awful fright last night." We saw you with her.

G. R. (Hanwell).—"What is a repartee?" An insult in its dress clothes.

L. R. (Dewsbury).—"We have no really great politicians left." And very few right.

T. D. K. (Dulwich).—"A single glass of whisky goes to my head." Truly, Nature abhors a vacuum.

W. McC. (Hornsey).—"The Strand is the land of crooks:" Now we know what makes Charing Cross.

J. J. (Lincoln).—"I have a double in the office." Then, we suppose, you chew cloves in case the boss scents trouble.

G. G. (Highgate Village).—"I suppose the verses I sent you found their way to the wastepaper basket." Easily.

L. F. (Stoke).—"London contains the most contented people in the world." Farmers, of course, live in the country.

K. D. (Hampstead).—"During the summer you won't often find me indoors." Consequently you're often found out.

HILDA (Stoke).—"My sweetheart failed to keep a date last week." Perhaps he grew peckish while waiting for you, and ate it.

J. S. (Peterborough).—"I bought some beetle-powder but it hasn't killed one yet." Perhaps it slowly undermines their constitutions.

R. G. (Forest Row).—"My wife never seems to know when she's beaten in an argument." If she's like most wives she never is.

T. E. (Lowestoft).—"There's not so much billing and cooing once the marriage has taken place." As a rule there's more billing than ever.

B. C. H. (Redcar).—"I find it difficult to come to a final decision. One day I think one thing, the next week another." Just proves the evils of mixing your thinks.

S. D. R. (Bradford).—"Too many cooks spoil the broth." You may be right, of course. But owing to the acute servant shortage it would be difficult to test your statement.

G. F. (Dawlish).—"Have you noticed the mannish note in woman's dress today?" We have. And also that a mannish note is generally required to pay for the dress.

C. K. (Epsom).—"My fiancée made me spend £5 at Wembley." The dear girl!

S. B. (Manchester).—"Please tell me the necessities of baptism." Water and a baby.

M. K. (Birmingham).—"I am a bookkeeper." So are most of the friends we lend ours to.

F. T. (York).—"Marriage is certainly a lottery." More like a pottery, judging by the family jars.

G. S. (Larkhall).—"Luckily, I have a model husband." From which we take it that he is a working model.

TODS. (Farnham).—"My fiancée's father has just opened a tailor's shop." Now you should press your suit.

T. B. (Colchester).—"It's tough to pay 2s. 4d. a lb. for meat." It would be toughter still if you only paid 1s. 4d.

D. H. E. (Edinburgh).—"I take all I can get." Well, be careful how you go about it, or you'll get all you can take.

V. N. (Eton).—"On the whole, women's minds are cleaner than men's." So they ought to be: they change them so often.

C. P. (Lancaster).—"When I saw A. G. G.'s photo I felt I'd seen his face before." That's where he usually wears it.

Miss E. W. (Fowey).—"I don't want to be a millstone round my fiancé's neck." Nevertheless we expect he often finds you a weight on his shoulders.

J. G. (Ipswich).—"I took on this business ten years ago and have had a dog's life ever since." That, of course, is because you bought a pup.

R. D. (Amberley).—"I've a great admiration for self-made men." The trouble is so many of them seem to have been interrupted in the process.

G. D. (Harrow).—"My boy wants to write poetry. Ought I to discourage him?" Don't worry: the editors will do it for you when he grows up.

L. S. (Islington).—"A woman can get better value for her money than a man." Yes; at the telephone, especially. She can get far more words in for her twopence.

R. O. (Hounslow).—"I don't see why money should be wasted in putting mirrors into barracks." Surely even soldiers are entitled to a little time for reflection.

Straight from the Shoulder

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI:—I am a man like yourselves.

Then be a man, and stop trying to ape a demi-god.

* * *

MRS. WINTRINGHAM, M.P.:—To be a member of Parliament is a hard life.

To be unemployed is harder—and there is no £400 a year.

* * *

GEORGE LANSBURY, M.P.:—The things we want done are quite simple.

In which case your inability to do them is inexplicable.

* * *

SIR WILLIAM NOBLE:—The standard of living must be brought down to the level of earning capacity.

If you didn't wear gold blinkers you'd see it was below it in countless cases.

MR. J. R. CLYNES, M.P.:—The worst industrial troubles have been due to a small minority of disappointed men.

Well, who disappointed them?

* * *

D. B. JONES:—Bad leadership is no less disastrous than soulless leadership.

Just tell that to some of your firebrand colleagues, will you?

* * *

MR. BROMLEY:—In the near future we may be involved in another fight.

You have become a public nuisance. Pick the straws out of your hair and talk sense.

* * *

SIR JOHN SIMON, M.P.:—Labour has wholly failed to discover any policy in regard to unemployment.

And so have Liberals and Conservatives. It is a complete political betrayal.

LETTERS requiring a postal reply must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. Documents should bear sufficient postage for return. Anonymous correspondents ignored. Names and addresses of writers are essential as a guarantee of good faith.

D. D. (Cromer).—"Wisdom comes with old age." You're very young!

E. T. R. (Cowes).—"My little boy prefers nuts to sweets." The young monkey!

C. A. F. (Dewsbury).—"The nation must keep a stiff upper lip." Sounds like the frozen face to us.

J. J. (Richmond).—"What good does fishing do anyone?" It stimulates the imagination.

W. B. (Esher).—"The average man's summer holiday is too short." And so is the average man's pocket.

L. Y. (Axminster).—"What after all does a mere man know about woman's dress?" The price.

C. K. (Gray's Inn).—"Tips are a curse." But the absence of a tip means a much louder curse.

L. N. B. (Ovenden).—"It is the spirit that conquers." Not if judiciously mixed, and taken moderately.

P. Y. (Leeds).—"I've just bought a new fountain pen." We're not surprised the secret has leaked out.

G. C. (Harrogate).—"I've a great reverence for the truth." We observe you keep a respectful distance from it.

A. L. (Chesham).—"My wife is an expert mind-reader." You're lucky. Most of them are expert mind-speakers.

T. A. (Ventnor).—"If only people would sink their differences!" There would be less drain upon their energy.

L. A. (King's Lynn).—"Money brings more sorrow than happiness." Then heaven help next week's *Bullets* winner—he's going to get £1,500 of the wretched stuff!

CISSIE (Bedminster).—"When my car ran into the wall I was lucky only to have the enamel scraped off." Face or car?

P. L. (Newport).—"Hens rest better, and consequently lay better, if their spars are dead level." Then we must rule the roost.

D. A. (Poplar).—"Do you think chickens kept in London gardens are as healthy as those in the country?" Yes, in the long run.

F. D. (Cobham).—"I took a copy of this manuscript before sending it." What a waste of time. We're sending you back the original.

G. A. (Portsmouth).—"In a Labour dispute the poor are always hit hardest." And the blow usually lands in the neighbourhood of the belt.

C. R. B. (Leeds).—"The village shopkeeper loves to air his views." Possibly that's why he usually hangs his picture postcards *outside* his shop.

S. T. A. (Norwood).—"Eight wickets for 25 runs! When Gilligan's bowling for Sussex, things happen." Sure! There's no pence for the wicket.

Miss V. F. (Selly Oak).—"They also serve who only stand and wait." Only sometimes. Frequently, they *never* serve those who merely sit and wait.

J. B. W. (Hove).—"They pretend to send their goods on approval but their vanmen will not leave them unless they are paid for." That's their C.O.D. system.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

"Pots and pans,"
So says the cook,
"Keep that shiny,
Mirror look,
If you always keep at hand
A supply of Monkey Brand."

The reason why Monkey Brand is the most economical of all household cleaners is because it is concentrated in solid cake form.

MONKEY BRAND

WON'T WASH CLOTHES

BENJAMIN BROOKE & CO. LTD.

M 202—49

"I buy them in the 100 box now"

He's like most Craven "A" smokers. Started with packets but now takes no risk of running short. The appeal of all round quality is remarkable. Some tobacconists sell more 50 and 100 boxes than packets. Can there be a greater assurance of true value?

MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS

100 for 5/-
20 for 1/-

CRAVEN "A"
CORK-TIPPED VIRGINIA CIGARETTES.

What a Treat!

Delicious Strawberries and Cream! And more delicious than ever when the Cream is the Queen of all Creams—Nestlé's—supreme in its Purity, Freshness and Health-giving food values.

NESTLÉ'S PURE THICK CREAM

Smooth, thick and appetising, and entirely free from all Preservatives. In hermetically sealed tins, AND IT IS NOT A SUBSTITUTE.

Reduced to 9½d., 11½d. and 1/7½d. per tin.

PHILLIPS RUBBERS
'The World's Best'

KEABLE'S Great Novel—
SIMON CALLED PETER
Now 3/6 net.

Meltis CHOCOLATE
Dessert: 4d., 8d. & 1/- (½-lb. net)
Creamy Milk: 4d., 8d. & 1/2 (½-lb. net)
Nape Stains: 3d., 6d. & 1/-

THE MAGIC NUMBER

Mysterious "Ninth" that Works Wonders

"WILL you please explain once more in your paper the meaning of the 'Ninth'? It might change my luck if I give my 'Ninth,' and at any rate it will help some poor soul in need."

During the last few weeks we have received several similar requests, and for the benefit of new readers we will endeavour to accede to them.

The Magic of the Ninth, like so many things that are mysterious and inscrutable, comes out of the East. It is a piece of Oriental philosophy, a mixture of faith and fatalism. We can only repeat the legend as it was first told to us.

AN aged Indian philosopher of the thirteenth century was visited by a young seeker after wisdom who asked how he could avert an evil spell which seemed to have fallen on him and threatened to rob him of all his inheritance. The old man said:

"My son, you complain of your bad fortune. All your works come to nothing. Your crops wither, your herds die of pestilence, your caravans are robbed, your servants sicken with fever, and fire destroys your house. Return home and give a ninth of what is in your purse to the poor. Much or little, it matters not. So shall you prosper. For the magic of nine is the magic of fortune!" The young man went away and did as he was bid, and from that time he prospered exceedingly.

IT reads like a fairy tale. Perhaps it is. We invited our readers to send us their "Ninths" for "The Greatest of These—" Fund. Thousands did so and wrote to us later and told us of the wonderful good fortune which had befallen them.

Here is a typical letter which we received only last week.

"I never had a bigger surprise. My husband and I have been talking for a long time of visiting our boy's grave this summer instead of taking the usual holiday. We found it would cost £9 for a week-end. We were talking over ways and means of getting the money when the postman knocked, and I went to the door and picked up a long envelope. I opened it and found inside a cheque for £9. Was that not strange? It was like a miracle!

"And I am to get nearly 9s. a week, thanks to good JOHN BULL taking up my case with the Ministry of Pensions. I hardly know how to thank you."

Who shall say that there is no connection between the coincidence of this mourning mother's good fortune in the matter of a pension for the loss of her son and the Magic of the Ninth spoken of by the old Eastern philosopher?

She concludes her letter thus: "We have sent our 'Ninths' to 'The Greatest of These—' Fund when we could, in memory of our boy, and wish you every prosperity in your good work for the poor and helpless."

Another reader says, "My 'Ninth' herewith. I am most heartily sorry that I have not made it a weekly offering for the blessings which the good Lord has showered upon me."

WE do not wonder that those who send their "Ninths" in such a spirit are blessed with good fortune. Perhaps that is the real secret of the Magic of the Ninth."

Send us your "Ninth," and in blessing others you may be blessed yourself.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

"Asp," 1s.; Anon, 5d.; H. B., 6d.; Mrs. Gammon, 2s. 6d.; W. J. Fox, 2s. 6d.; J. Tretty, 6d.; Jack (Oakham), 5s.; H. E. May, 1s. 4d.; Long Tom, 6d.; E. Moulton (Crewe), 4s.; Black Peg, 2s.; Molly (Castleford), 2s.; All my Derby Winnings from a Sympathiser, 2s. 6d.; Righteous, 6d.; D. L. Hamilton, 2s. 6d.; "Thea," 5s.; F. M. B. (Mayfair), 1s. 6d.; A Ninth, M. Holman, 3s.; "Derby-mite" (Plaistow), 2s. 6d.; Anon, pcl.; A. Broad, 1s.; E. S. (Halifax), 2d.; T. B., 6d.; Anonymous, Notremilg, 6d.; Mrs. Mitchell, 1s.; Richdick, 5d.; W. R. R., 6d.; M. Reid, 6d.; J. R. Wirdnam (Oxford), 5s.; B. Reekie, 2s.; "White Heather," 2d.; L. H. S., 1s. 4½d.; E. Purkiss, 1s.; Kirtlington, 1s.; Lucky Tim, 1s.; S. R. Harrogate, 2s. 6d.; "Bunty and Chuckles," 1s. 6d.; R. W. F. (Edinburgh), 10s.; W. A. T., 7½d.; Mary Campbell, 1s.; "Jumping Joshua," 2s.; E. E. E., 2s.; J. R. S. (Middlesboro), 2s. 6d.; P. Whiteway, £1; W. Beach, 2s.; Ninth of Sansovino (Moston), 5d.; A Ninth Sansovino, 5d.; Every Little Helps, 2s. 6d.; E. Rayner, 10½d.; M. E. Addicot, 1s.; F. J. D. (Spennymoor), 5s.; H. B. (New Brighton), 5s.; "Baron O.," 22s. 6d.; On the Ninth, 3d.; "A Sympathiser," 3s.; H. A. (Stratford), 5s.; Montrose Sympathiser, 1s. 6d.; J. E. King, 2s.; Northern Outpost, 2s. 6d.; Sapper R.E., 6d.; "W.," £1; Sansovino (Newmarket), 10s.; Miss Franklin, pcl. and 2d.; E. E. Graham, 1s.; S. Moody, 2s. 6d.; Port Talbot, 2s.; Bernard, 6d.; Olive and Jim, 7d.; May (Lowestoft), 1s. 4d.; "Near-sighted," 3½d.; "Two Sisters," 4s. 8½d.; "In Memory of Gerald," 5s.; Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1s. 6d.; "Waltzing Competition," 3s. 6d.; "Scotch Lassie's Ninth," 5s.; Melton Mowbray, 2s.; H. Edgar, 4s.; L. D. Gorringe, 2s. 6d.; Jona Beddaway, 2s. 6d.; "A. K.," 5s

ONE LONG ROAR!

THE PASSING SHOW
EVERY SATURDAY 2D

A £1,500 PURSE!

OF several variations which lately have been introduced into the *Bullets* prize-lists, perhaps the most popular has been our recent series of big Holiday Prizes. It is clear from letters received that the offer of many substantial cheques, each sufficient to provide a holiday for the winner, has appealed to a large body of our competitors.

Yet these novel awards, attractive though they have proved, do not quite take the place of the Giant First Prizes for which *Bullets* is famous. When a clever *Bullet* may be the means of winning such a huge sum as £1,500, competitors find that there is something more than fascinating about the contest.

So next week, for the fourth time since *Bullets* commenced its triumphant career, we shall offer a Giant First Prize of £1,500—by far the largest sum which has been offered in any literary competition this year. Besides this splendid First, other prizes of £250, £100, £50, £25 and 6,320 further awards combine to form an exceptional prize-list totalling £2,275 in cash alone.

How often have you wished that one of these £250 First Prizes might be yours! Well, next week comes your opportunity to win *six such prizes rolled into one*—to capture the *Bullets* 1924 Championship and a purse of £1,500.

FIRST WIN—£1,000

That the lamp of inspiration may burn without midnight oil is the experience of Mr. William Duffy, of Field House, Scarboro Road, Driffield, who has won the First Prize of £1,000 in *Bullets* No. 523.

Having never previously secured a *Bullets* prize of any kind Mr. Duffy's remarkable win has pro[ved] that success is just as likely to be the result of a novice's inspiration as of the more methodical work of an experienced competitor. His winning *Bullet*:—

"IN OTHER LANDS—KINGS PROTECTED—HERE RESPECTED" is a model of simple and straightforward phrasing, an effort that might have occurred to any other competitor—but didn't!

How the winner constructed his £1,000 *Bullet* is a point of interest to every competitor. His method, he tells us, was simple. After carefully studying the *Example*, he jotted down an idea which, in its rough state, contained seven words. Then, by compressing that idea into shorter and more forcible form, he gradually trimmed his *Bullet* down to the four-word limit and so produced the winning effort.

Mr. Duffy, a young man of 24, is employed on a Driffield farm, and although he has not made any plans for the future, this £1,000 win must vastly improve the prospects of a man in such comparatively modest circumstances.

But if £1,000 has been a godsend to Mr. Duffy, what will the sum of £1,500 be to the successful competitor in *Bullets* next week? Somebody must win this gigantic prize—*why should not that somebody be you?*

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 528.

A DAY AT WEMBLEY	WHAT MADE HIM
HUMAN MACHINE	WHEN SHE BATHES
OUR CLIMATE	IF DOLE STOPPED
ON LIFE'S JOURNEY	"I WILL!"
BY THE SEA	NO BABY
GAME OF LOVE	SIMPLE
WOMAN'S HOUR	ALL TOO SHORT
WITHOUT MONEY	WHEN A MAN'S SINGLE
WHAT TELEGRAM SAID	NEVER FOUND
AN INVENTOR	WHAT IS A HOME?

These examples can be made use on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, JULY 17th. All Coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 528 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 528, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Examples for Competition No. 527.

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" NO. 527.

NEEDING A HOLIDAY
AFTER THE RAIN
END OF THE ARGUMENT
UNEXPECTED
EMPTY DREAM
ON THE TRACK
WAKING US UP
"HELP YOURSELF!"
HOW TO BEHAVE
SHINING STAR
SPEAKS FOR ITSELF
GOOD OMEN
WHEN ALL IS LOST
BEYOND ME
ROUND THE WORLD
NO TIME TO WASTE
FIRST SLIP
MODEST
MAN OF THE WORLD
DO OR DIE
WHAT HE MEANT
FAIRY TALES
ONE AT A TIME
OUT TOGETHER
A QUIET LIFE
MISPLACED TRUST
WHAT SHE DOESN'T KNOW
WILLING HORSE
FATHER'S FAVOURITE
CRYING FOR THE MOON
IF SUMMER COMES
WHAT IS A HUSBAND?

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. *Bullets* must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and, crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.
5. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matters of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the First Three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 527 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

☞ **Result of "Bullets" Whitsun Offer (No. 525) will appear next week.**

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the Examples printed: then give any TWO, THREE, or FOUR WORDS having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you:—

Example:—SEEMS ALL WRONG *Bullet*:—PURSE DECIDING SCHOOL AGE.
Example:—OUR DRINK *Bullet*:—IS "DEAR"—AMERICA'S "DEPARTED."
Example:—A BIG CROWD *Bullet*:—SEEING BRIDEGROOM DOESN'T ESCAPE.

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6d. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 527. "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, July 3.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(527) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, July 3.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(527) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, July 3.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(527) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, July 3.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(527) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

The original cheque for £250 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 524, can now be seen in the window of Mr. W. S. HERRING, 121, Creek Road, March, Cambs.

Free Yourself of Rupture Without Pain, Operation or Loss of Time.

FOR the benefit of our readers we take pleasure in publishing the Brooks offer to save all who are ruptured from wearing trusses and other painful makeshifts that do not cure.

The Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., gladly sends this remarkable Appliance ON TRIAL to prove that it holds the rupture back, keeps it in place, prevents it coming down or slipping out, and finally cures it entirely.

NO man or woman ever can look and feel his or her best while suffering the torment, pain, and discomfort of rupture.

Every day that you suffer from rupture—every hour of truss torture that you endure—after you read this page *is your own fault.*

For many years we have been telling you that no truss will ever help you. We have told you about the harm trusses are doing. We have told you that the only truly comfortable, sanitary and scientific device for holding rupture is the Brooks Rupture Appliance.

Now we offer to prove it to you entirely at our risk. We will send you a Brooks Rupture Appliance *on trial.* If you really want to be rid of your rupture, fill out the coupon below and mail it to-day.

Instead of wearing a steel spring or inflexible harness, try the *velvet soft* Brooks Appliance.

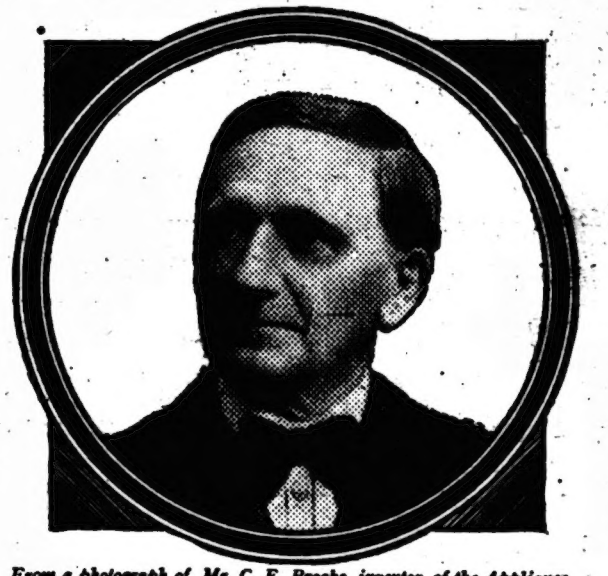
Instead of the hard pad of a truss, use the *soft rubber automatic air-cushion* of a Brooks Appliance.

The Brooks Appliance clings to you without force, and you are hardly conscious of its presence. And above all else it **HOLDS always.**

Within an hour after you receive the Brooks Appliance, if you take advantage of this remarkable trial offer, you will throw away your truss for ever.

Over 253,000 People have Accepted this Offer. Why not You?

Doesn't that prove that the Brooks Appliance is not an experiment but a positive success—that it does all we claim for it? Among these 253,000 men, women and children, there must be *hundreds whose condition was identical with yours.* Can you afford not to investigate and satisfy yourself when it costs you nothing to prove what the Brooks Appliance will do for *you*?



From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself of rupture over 30 years ago, and patented the Appliance from his personal experience. If ruptured, write to-day to Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. 2.

This wonderful device is a triumph of scientific and mechanical genius, the result of more than 30 years' experience, and the percentage of cures effected by its use is little short of miraculous. Many hundreds of physicians and surgeons recommend the Brooks Appliance and condemn trusses as more harmful and dangerous than any other method of retaining and treating rupture. Thousands of people have written us to testify to the amazing results they have secured from this great invention. Many of these people live in your vicinity, and we will be glad to send you copies of their thankful letters if youwill ask for them when youwrite.

Men, Women and Children Find the Brooks Appliance Equally Effective.

No matter if your rupture is old and severe or only recently developed, no matter if you are young or old, you should not fail to profit by this **No-risk Trial Offer.**

No other rupture support, truss, device, pad, or plaster is offered to the public under so broad a guarantee of satisfaction. If for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep the Brooks Appliance after you try it, send it back. You do not have to give any reason. There will be no question or quibble. There will be no argument, no dispute or misunderstanding.

Ten Reasons Why You Should Accept this Offer.

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance embodying the principles that inventors have sought after for years.
2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air-cushion of soft rubber, it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike ordinary so-called pads, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft, and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.
6. The soft pliable bands do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.
7. Nothing to get foul; it can be washed without any injury.
8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All materials are the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.
10. Our reputation is so thoroughly established, and our prices so reasonable, our terms so fair, that you should not hesitate to send the free coupon *TO-DAY.*

Free Information Coupon.

Brooks Appliance Company, Ltd.
(1761B) 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2

Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture, and your trial offer.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

.....

Please write plainly.

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